THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts, and Public Affairs.

Volume XI — New York, Wednesday, November 20, 1929 — Number 3

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Published weekly and copyrighted 1929, in the United States by the Calvert Publishing Corporation, Grand Central Terminal, New York, N. Y. United States: $5.00; Foreign: $6.00; Canada: $5.50. Single Copies: $.10.

ULTIMATE HARVEST

SWIFT and bleak disappointment in the social order —of which the world is now so full—does not in any way correspond with the seasonal in nature. This is no winter after spring, but rather something like a drought or a storm perennially hovering near and not to be warded off, because the laws which govern its appearance are beyond understanding. Indeed, all the spiritual or political successes of mankind are not so much the products of long growth as the aftermaths of fierce and momentary flashes, either of energy or genius, which illumine the long twilights of helpless mediocrity. Virgil looked back upon Troy and his eyes filled with tears. So much of glory, beauty and power he could mourn but never resurrect. And so, quite wisely, he sought to find courage for his fellowmen of Rome in the thought that imperial design would map out a greater and more enduring régime.

Is it not a similar hope that stirs in this month which Christendom has set aside for the remembrance of the dead? Sombre music is bred of the thought that so many Escorials have become tombs, that loveliness incomparable has long since been without even a wreath of immortelles. We can only guess, by the light of a few spare fragments of their handiwork bequeathed to us, what manner of men were the fathers of the race. When compared with the ageless reeling of the spheres the life of humanity has been, as Emerson declares, only the tick of a kitchen clock. And yet, how much in that cosmic instant has been irretrievably forgotten! Even those primeval holocausts and famines of which ancient poets speak are not known to many of us as passing ghastly sacrificial pageants. The everlasting defeat of all our little ventures, which leave not so much as an image upon those light waves in which the permanent stars write all history, must appal anyone who has cared that betterment should come to the world.

It is only within the Church that this vision of human rout can be reconciled with hope. There petition for the dead is transmuted into an apotheosis of the living. For shall not another city be reared to give us residence? Has it not been the initial prophecy of Christianity that death can be taken captive? Curiously enough, these are the ultimate questions we cannot face alone. So much of the business of the mind and soul is purely personal. An idea, an action, a prayer live because they are nursed in solitude. But our future is thinkable only when seen in consonance

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with our human past. The agnostic tries to steel his heart against the universal cold by clinging to something that has endured, or will (he thinks) endure. The Christian finds courage by taking into his arms all that has been forgotten. His prayer is often humble, of course. It asks peace for the spirit of a friend. It caresses lovingly the memory of one whose endearments, in the flesh, were symbols of a more profound companionship. But sooner or later that petition is swallowed up into the universal outcry of the Church: Let the Lord God gather all men into His kingdom. Let not the tent dwellers in the earliest meadow be forgotten. Yes, bring even such as, despondent, fling themselves from high towers, or lose their footing on a slippery pavement. Gather in all who have suffered and are transfigured. And joy shall be, in the end, the meaning of the dark and tragic mystery of pain.

Nowhere is the Church so grandiose and illustrious as in her liturgical speech. And no part of this speech is so magnificent as that which utters the silent oratory of the dead. It is as if a summons had gone to every part of the spiritual realm urging saints and angels and the militant upon earth to acclaim those who, in some manner beyond fathoming, had finished a supreme adventure. And so we are led to realize gradually, through a series of petitions and meditations, how great a share in the Catholic outlook is reserved for hope. It is, indeed, this season of the Holy Souls which alone can prepare fittingly for the mood of Advent—the mood of preparation for a future infinitely more important than the past. And yet, as we have seen, it also implies consciousness of that past. It is the mood of communion and of unity. In the end, our prayer for the dead is really a step toward the understanding of enduring life.

WEEK BY WEEK

LIFE has not grown much simpler in Palestine. Though the list of casualties is noticeably smaller, both sides in the racial struggle are drawn up in taut lines. A general strike proclaimed by the Arab Executive was aimed rather pointedly at the retention, by the British government, of Mr. Bentwich as attorney general. One surmises that this step will do about as much good or harm as the average strike does; but the mere fact that a boycott of Jewish merchants is in force can add but little to the serenity of the general situation. Indeed it intensifies dangerously the perennial dispute about the use of the Wailing Wall, which the government has tentatively settled. That the Arabs have not abandoned one tittle of their claim on this point is evident from the letters of protest addressed to London and the Vatican. They have likewise manifested an ability to unify which is rather unexpected and fairly significant. One hopes that some basis for peaceful reconciliation can be found by the British, whose traditional reputation for skilful diplomacy and statesmanlike administration of their colonial possessions is here put to a severe test.

An Arabian Walk-Out

GOOD news from California is that Governor Young will shortly reconsider Tom Mooney's application for pardon, and with it an application now being prepared by Warren Billings. It is evidence of the inflexibility of our system of justice that so much should depend upon the Governor's decision. The trial judge has asked for Mooney's pardon, every member of the jury has seconded him, and yet their declarations will result in nothing unless they can influence the judgment of one man, the Governor of California. At any time within the last eleven years a retrial would certainly have resulted in acquittal, but there can be no retrial because the evidence of innocence is not part of the record of the trial court, and "there is no provision of law by which newly discovered evidence" may be presented to the Supreme Court "in the first instance." In such a situation, only the Governor can act, and because no Governor so far has been willing to accept the responsibility (for what reason no one knows) Mooney and Billings have remained in prison. One year after his conviction, Tom Mooney had assembled about as complete and conclusive a case for pardon as could be desired. There is no way of canceling thirteen years of undeserved imprisonment. What thousands of men and women all over this country are hoping is that not one year more will be added to that record of injustice.

Mooney and Billings

IT WAS a fine thought which prompted the Clarendon Press to offer, on behalf of Oxford University, a tribute to honor the fourteen hundredth anniversary of Monte Cassino. This takes the form of a reprint of specimen pages from the Bodleian manuscript of the Regula Sancti Benedicti, accompanied by a critical introduction. This folio is the "oldest Oxford manuscript of English provenance," and as such is both interesting and beautiful. The introduction says further: "It is the oldest copy of the Rule now in existence. For that reason alone it merits special study. It also happens to be the only manuscript of the Rule written in uncial characters. The fact that these uncial characters were penned in England, where uncials were not common, renders the manuscript of peculiar interest both to the historian and to the paleographer. The former will see in the manuscript another witness to the continuation of the influence of the Roman mission to England; the paleographer will find in it confirmation of the fact that English scribes evinced great aptitude for penmanship from the earliest times and learned to use the traditional Italian scripts as expertly as they used the script taught them by their nearer masters from Ireland."

Oxford and Monte Cassino

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ALL this is peculiarly interesting because of the new uses to which the English are putting manuscript writing. In a little book on the subject (published recently by Charles Scribner's Sons) Miss Marjorie Wise describes the way in which British schools are teaching a "simplified form of handwriting" which is virtually "a return to the fifteenth-century Italian cursory writing." The advantages are said to be legibility, beauty of appearance and pedogogical simplicity. This last seems to be especially evident in the domain of spelling, because the child is not compelled to write a word in "ordinary script" and read it in printed letters. Curiously enough there does not appear to be any loss of speed, the fingers turning out separate letters as nimbly as they ever did the unified words of Spencerian or Palmer penmanship. Miss Wise is really enthusiastic about the discovery, which seems largely due to the efforts of Mr. Edward Johnston, an illuminator. Many educators in the United States are interested—eventually stenographers may write with entire legibility.

EXCEPTING for one phenomenon, the election which returned Mayor Walker to the New York City Hall had all the listlessness of a mystery story which everybody can see through to the last clew. That phenomenon was the large vote cast for the Socialist candidate. Mr. Thomas came wearing a label which is not popular in Gotham. But because he talked common sense, he sold it to 175,000 people and gave it a prestige which may conceivably endure. This feat is surely proof enough that all is not well in the realm of Tammany. The election demonstrated, of course, that ex-Governor Smith is still a power, that Mr. Walker has a way with him, and that the magistrates in various boroughs are competent and popular men. But one has only to suppose that Republicanism had got hold of as able a leader as Mr. Thomas to realize that the battle for office might have become intensely dramatic. Fortunately for Mayor Walker, the party of Mr. Hoover deliberately played 'possum. If it is as dead as it seemed to be, Gotham has need of a political undertaker. Major La Guardia did a great deal of talking. As a matter of fact, records of his remarks would fill (if they had been made) a new Victor catalogue. Unfortunately he either said nothing or said it in the wrong way. After all you cannot become a mayor by subjecting the citizenry to an oratorical endurance test.

Mayor Walker Triumphs

THE election of Mr. Pollard to the governorship of Virginia means, of course, the disappearance of Bishop Cannon as a political figure of any consequence in his state. In returning to its traditional party allegiance, Virginia really decided for government by liberal and progressive men as against a reactionary movement, under obligations to the most uncivil interests, which would have undone practically all of the good work accomplished during the administration of Governor Byrd. Under the circumstances no clear-headed person could have decided otherwise. Mr. Pollard represents a policy which means for Virginia better education, good roads and opportunities for industry; Mr. Brown, his opponent and Bishop Cannon's candidate, represents nothing except the fear of Smith and—shibboleth of all politicians who have no constructive program to offer—"lower taxes." Bishop Cannon will feel that the menace of Mr. John J. Raskob has been underestimated. But somehow that threat to the welfare of Virginia could not be made so convincing as the designs of the Pope on Washington one year ago.

Voting in Virginia

MR. POLLARD'S victory—two to one—could not have been much more decisive in the old one-party days. Despite the ability and integrity of the regular Democratic party in Virginia at present, we should not be averse to a strong Republican development there. Normally the average citizen gains by having two strong parties in his state, just as he is better off, normally, for the presence of competition in industry. The Republican strength manifested in Virginia last fall could not endure for long because it was too special to be permanent. The baseless hysterias which the demagogue excites soon pass away. Imagined fears may impel a mob to foolish deeds, but the frenzy is never sustained. The Republican managers of 1928 knew that they were building only for the moment when they accepted such aides as Bishop Cannon.

WE BELIEVE that the Hoover administration will be distinguished for a number of things, but a gift for making tongues wag must certainly be counted among them. There never was a time when Washington found it so difficult to eat dinner. One had been accustomed to the cheerless evenings which Mrs. Gann was forced to spend in the company of her cat and fire tongs. But Senator Johnson? It seemed incomprehensible that so doughty a citizen could ever be overlooked, snubbed, left out in the cold, made to figure in the gossip menu as pièce de résistance. We rejoice to see that the President has closed the incident, which grew out of a White House dinner to the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, by sending Mr. Johnson a nice letter of explanation and apology. The explanation remains, to be sure, delightfully incomplete. To date no one has been able to advance a theory which tracks the responsible culprit to his lair. Instead, the manifold differences of opinion which have existed between the two Californians are being aired in private and public with so consummate a mastery of statistics that certain old French writers of memoirs must stir in their tombs and grope about for a pen. These are a long and crusty tale. But it is impossible to believe that President Hoover was in any way involved in the present dinner "mis-

Senator Johnson Stays Home

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take." He knows his countrymen too well not to realize that they would resent any action which injected personal feeling into the business of government.

DURING past years the idea of placing universities at the service of their communities has made considerable headway. Several of the major schools now offer excellent annual courses of lectures which the public may and does attend. It is not so customary, however, to behold the Catholic university doing something of the same kind in the interests of religion. It has normally been too crowded and hampered for that. We welcome most heartily, therefore, the decision of Fordham University, New York City, to provide a series of conferences at the university church, 190th Street and Third Avenue. The Reverend Wilfrid Parsons, S. J., the editor of America, will deliver three lectures, beginning November 10, on The Papacy and the World Today. Father Parsons is the author of a treatise on this subject and has studied it most diligently. He will be followed by the Reverend John Corbett, S.J., whose subject—The Bible: Its Use and Abuse—will likewise form the matter of three discourses, the first of which is set for December 1. We hope these conferences will meet with public favor. Topics, speakers and auspices are in admirable consonance.

Conferences at Fordham

THE recent meeting at Columbia University of the Association of American Medical Colleges was noteworthy for its thorough canvassing of the present developments and prospects of the teaching of medicine in this country. The special critical findings and technical recommendations will be properly commented upon by authorities in the field. Of unquestioned general interest is the proof brought forward by the meeting that the standard of requirements for American medical students is becoming steadily more exacting. Of the 14,000 students who are technically qualified to enter medical training schools each year, only 7,000 are actually admitted—a fact which will perhaps operate to reassure those of us who occasionally wonder whether doctors are not being turned out in job lots today simply to make a living off the community instead of to serve it by means of a recognized vocation.

Standards in Medical Training

THE problem of electing the 50 percent who finally become candidates for medical degrees is admitted to be perplexing. In theory, and to a great extent in practice, impersonal methods wholly in keeping with the drastic selectiveness of the results, are employed. Actually, the margin of prejudice, unfairness and error is still large enough to have called forth a protest from such men as the Reverend A. M. Schwitalla, S.J., dean of the St. Louis University School of Medicine, and Professor William C. McTavish, of New York University. It is another healthy sign that this charge was recognized and met by the adoption of uniform "medical aptitude" tests, which are to be checked carefully and reported on in subsequent meetings of the Association. Meanwhile, it is an interesting addendum to the story of our tightening requirements that 1,000 of the excluded students have been accepted by universities abroad—800 in Scotland alone, that home of medicos.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL MITCHELL has lost little time in preparing an administration program for reorganizing the federal prison system. He does not seek to commit the government to an extensive building project but proposes, by the erection of a new federal penitentiary, a new industrial reformatory and three federal jails or houses of detention, to relieve the underlying causes which led to the recent disorder at Leavenworth. These he lists as overcrowding, dissatisfaction with the food and lack of work. "Overcrowding means overtaxing of the housing and feeding facilities. . . . Poorly prepared and served food . . . coupled with idleness frays the nerves of the prisoners and results in the flare-up of nervous excitement and consequent disorders." Mr. Mitchell is right in labeling the opposition to federal prison industries from both capital and labor as selfish. There can be no debate about the common sense and humaneness of providing occupation for those who are penally confined. Nevertheless he has disarmed criticism by insisting on a diversification of articles produced in prison, and by specifying that they are to be solely utilized by the government. At one and the same time the mental, moral and physical condition of the men will be improved and the taxpayer will be saved considerable expense. Congressional approval of the Mitchell plan should be immediate.

Mr. Mitchell's Prison Plan

SOME time ago Mr. Stokowski paused at the end of a modernistic composition his orchestra had dinned into the ears of assembled New Yorkers to assert, with an amount of politeness which has since been diversely estimated, that they could like it or lump it. The resultant controversy has been distinguished, in general, for everything except calm. A letter written to the New York Times by Mr. Ossip Gabrilowitsch is, however, so impressive a note that it deserves stressing. "The time is coming fast," he says, "when it will not be possible to accommodate on the same program all the modern music desired by one group of listeners and the classical music demanded by the other. Why should there not prevail in the musical world the same separation that has for years prevailed in the world of painting and sculpture?" Granted two well-established orchestras which were respectively the Louvre and the Luxembourg of music, one could arrange an evening not tormented by the cacophonies of Herr Schönberg or the monotonous

Segregating the Listeners

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sameness of Tannhaüser, as the case might be. For the present, Mr. Gabrilowitsch imagines, "it would undoubtedly suffice if one and the same orchestra gave two distinct series of concerts." The idea seems remarkably sound and ought to act like oil on the proverbially troubled waters.

Reporting in Washington

THE three Washington reporters who investigated drinking facilities in the national capital should have been thanked for a friendly service by the district grand jury. They had shown that there was plenty of cause for a grand jury session; they had even given it clews to follow up. But the course of justice is easily diverted. Instead of being commended for what they had done, they were sent to jail for not doing more; that is, for refusing to divulge the names of speakeasy proprietors. It was confidential information which they were professionally obliged to keep secret. As the Reverend John A. Ryan writes in the Baltimore Catholic Review: "That the common good was injured in any substantial degree through failure of the public prosecutors or enforcement officers to get the names and addresses of a few bootleggers more or less is a supposition that no sober and intelligent person will seriously entertain for a moment." Without such injury, the three reporters were not "morally obliged to give the grand jury the information demanded." On the contrary, "they were morally obliged to persist in their refusal," in view of the fact that their secret was a professional one, and that they had promised to respect it.

The Uses of Publicity

AN ENGLISH law confines newspaper reports of divorce trials to an outline of the charge and decision, and the judge's summing up. The judge in such a trial recently summed up so as deliberately to include just those scandalous details of private conduct which the law was originally designed to keep out of print. The divorce rate, he said, had increased alarmingly since the passage of the law, and publicity of this sort might have a salutary effect in checking it. We do not think his inference was logical, or his action well advised. The growth of divorce is due to the diminution of the sacramental ideal of marriage. Deriving from this, most divorces are actually based on what has come to be known as incompatibility, whatever the technical charges behind them. An occasional divorce represents (like the English case under consideration) the punishment of gross misconduct, and it is arguable, though by no means certain, that publicity in those circumstances might act as a moral check on the rest of the population. But in the main we simply have two people who have given up trying to get along together because they have not a sufficient motive for doing so. The apathy or even unfaithfulness which may follow are only details in the process, not its original cause. And that the process should be halted and reversed, that people with an insufficient sense of responsibility should get a greater sense from reading the unsavory items disclosed by the wreck of another marriage, is not reasonable. The American divorce rate has also been increasing, as it happens. The report of the Department of Commerce, first citing the variations in New York as typical of the country, assigns the state a 5.9 percent jump in divorces in 1928. Yet no one has ever accused us of scanting the published details of our divorce trials.

The Flemish Primitives

THE Kleinberger Galleries at 12 East 54th Street, New York City, are holding their annual exhibition for the benefit of the Free Milk Fund for babies. In the past two years they have shown, for this admirable charity, the early art of Germany and France. This year the exhibition is devoted to the primitives of Flanders. The opportunity to view these treasures of early art, the choicest gems from the private galleries of Americans whose generosity has made the exhibitions possible, is unique and will probably not recur. Religious subjects form the bulk of the exhibition, and include paintings of such rare beauty of composition and perfection of detail as The Dream of Pope Sergius, by Roger van der Weyden, and the warmly colored Annunciation of Joos van Cleve, to say nothing of the exquisitely painted Madonnas by the same master and by Memling. The collection is rich in portraits, including the famous Portrait of a Young Man, by Memling, and the hyperdelicate Portrait of a High-born Lady, an entrancing van der Weyden. Petrus Christus is represented by his powerful Portrait of a Carthusian Saint. Appropriately, nearly all the Madonnas of these naive and homely primitives are represented as nursing the Divine Child amid scenes of warm human beauty, though touched with the heavenly charm those early painters well knew how to convey when they placed their nurseries in eternal realms.

Miss MacDonald on Us

THE mere title of the lecture delivered by Miss Ishbel MacDonald upon her return to London was calculated to make one feel, a little distressfully, that she was not living up to her promise of the unusual. Not every visiting Englishwoman has a solidly pleasant and unaffected way with her; not every one expresses a smiling preference for a day in the children's court to a day of sightseeing; not every one meets the suggestion that she powder her nose by explaining very amiably that she never has powdered it, and would feel silly to powder it now; but every one does deliver a lecture on My Impressions of America. However, one need not have feared for Miss MacDonald. Her title to the unusual is still secure. "I was struck very much," she said, "with the sense that we Britishers have been wrong in going to the United States and Canada imbued with a superi-

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ority complex and trying to push our ideas on to Americans. I am afraid we have not had very good people to represent us in the past." This is indeed a departure. It is a departure so extraordinary and magnanimous that it moves us to something like a similar gesture. We affirm, therefore, that Miss MacDonald's compatriots sometimes *have* sent good people here to represent them in the past. We could name names, but a White List is almost as dangerous as a Black List, so we rest on the mere generalization. Modest and friendly Englishmen have come among us whom it is a joy to remember. And we thank Miss MacDonald for wooing us from our defensiveness (which she accounts for so well) and making it easy for us to say so.

SIMPLIFYING THE LAW

NO ONE will dissent from Governor Roosevelt's second appeal for a simplification of legal procedure. Everyone has been approving similar utterances for many years, and Governor Roosevelt was assured of agreement before he started. His remarks are not simply another, and the most recent, endorsement of a popular argument because he happens to be in a position to do something about it, and has said that he will do something about it. It will be recalled that last year he asked the Legislature for a commission of judges, lawyers and laymen to study the wh le question. The Legislature proposed a commission of lawyers, which the Governor rejected. This year, he tells the alumni of Columbia Law School, he hopes to get the sort of commission he wants, with a preponderance of laymen, because "it is the laymen and not the legal profession who are bitterly complaining of the costliness and slowness of justice." And the commission's work will not be "a mere reclassification and recodification of our civil and criminal codes—splendid work is being done along these lines by the bar itself," but a simplifying of "the entire machinery of justice." For we have so "confused our patchwork additions to our code and statutes as to make every legal process a matter of requiring many hours of study and research and the highest technical skill before it can be successfully undertaken." Of course that is one reason why we have lawyers. And it is one reason why in some cases justice is so costly. If the law could be ideally simplified, there would be no need for lawyers, except in criminal cases, and there would be no need for wealth to insure simple justice.

We are glad that Governor Roosevelt does not forget the "crying need for making justice simple and inexpensive to obtain." But we wonder why he speaks of "a general and growing impression" that there are two kinds of justice, one for the rich, and one for the poor. Surely that impression is not growing, but fixed. Surely it is as old as mankind. So far as we are aware, no civilization has ever succeeded for long in giving any other impression of the sort of justice it provided.

And it is not simply a question of "rich" and "poor." There are more than two kinds of justice. In Italy, for instance, there is also a division of justice into Fascist and non-Fascist. In Russia it makes some difference whether one is a Communist or a Socialist. In China there is one kind of justice for the foreigner and another for the native. In some parts of the United States, there is one kind for the white man and another for the black. There is another for the yellow, and still another for the red. There is one kind for the agent of the law (particularly if he is identified with the prohibition forces) and another for the citizen. And in most western countries there is one kind of justice for those whose personal habits conform to the majority, and another for those whose habits are considered beyond the pale. A drug addict, for instance, will usually be dealt with more harshly than a glutton, although the charge against him has nothing to do with drugs. But simplifying the legal machinery will not resolve all these kinds of justice into one single code. It is the general intelligence that must be clarified.

SKYSCRAPERS ASSEMBLED

IT IS worth noting that the several American cities which have recently discussed their sizes and states of health refrained from even so much as inquiring whether they ought to confess their sins and turn country. Everybody agrees that both the East and the West Sides are messy and probably uninhabitable. The normal apartment dweller admits, at least once in a while, that Cowper was right. But the fundamental alternative—to be or not to be—is meeting with a more and more positive reply. Cities are the really normal forms of modern existence. If they had room for all of us (or if all our work could be done in them) nobody would be living in the country except Mr. Borsodi and the Kentucky mountaineers. Humanity is therefore obliged to wonder rather constantly if the cities are aware of their importance, and if the line of prospective development is sane.

Perhaps nobody else has dwelt with this wonder so persistently as Le Corbusier, the French architect who is sometimes called a fool and sometimes an incomparable genius. The publication of his most important book—The City of Tomorrow and Its Planning—in a good English version by Messrs. Payson and Clarke may therefore be used as an occasion for presenting views of the modern city with which Europe has busied itself during several years. For these we hold no brief other than that they analyze evils which are too frequently slurred over while the eminent necessity for capturing the murderer of Alkali Al absorbs all minds. "If we compare New York with Stamboul," says Le Corbusier, "we may say that one is a cataclysm and the other a terrestrial paradise." But the "condition of discomfort" in which the serried outline of Gotham leaves us is of the greatest importance to civilization. It is a confession that we have not

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mastered the material sufficiently to make it cease being an encumbrance to our souls.

When one looks at this "condition of discomfort" a little more closely, it is seen to contain matters of the gravest practical importance. A city is created by the fact that crowds of people cannot remain inaccessible and earn their living. All towns are, therefore, primarily railroad stations. Indeed they are so dependent upon these terminals that they put up with all manner of evils in order to derive every possible advantage from the railroads. The stations, observes Corbusier, are generally the centres "of a network of extremely narrow streets. Into these streets crowds are precipitated." In order that the crowds may move, subsidiary transportation is in order—that antiquated leviathan, the street-car; automobiles and trucks; walks which bring the pedestrian directly in the path of speeding traffic. The results? Exasperating delay, frightful noise, the acrid smell of discharged gasoline, and almost innumerable fatalities. In New York City a thousand lives are snuffed out annually in traffic accidents, and the damage to property runs into hundreds of thousands of dollars. Too frequently this ghastly commentary on urban inefficiency is accepted as a kind of fate not to be avoided. "The centre of the great city is like a funnel," says Le Corbusier, and so we must realize that the street is "but a machine for traffic, an apparatus for its circulation."

To him it seems evident that the business districts of all modern cities must be reconstructed. Once admit this much, however, and it follows that the whole urban plan must be changed. Our architect deals summarily with diverse structural picturesquenesses, which he terms "junk"; and he sponsors the maxims which the Abbé Augier recommended to Louis XIV when there was question of rebuilding Paris: "Chaos, disorder and a wild variety in the general layout; uniformity of detail." Rome, Venice and all the lovely cities which antedate the nineteenth century were faithful to these rules. To apply them now, however, necessarily means reckoning with the determining factor in modern industrial life, which is transportation. Le Corbusier makes an interesting application to the subject dealt with in a recent Carnegie report. "Exhibition sport," he declares, "has nothing to do with real sport. The stadium provides a spectacle where other people's marvelously developed biceps and calves may be seen. Sport at the very door of one's house is needed, so that everyone—men, women and children—on reaching home can change their things and come down for play and exercise, to fill their lungs and relax. But if it means taking a bus or the tube, and traveling miles with a heavy bag to carry, sport becomes impossible. The sports ground must be at the door of the house. To bring about this Utopia, the city must be built vertically."

In order to solve the traffic problem in so far as it affects the home, play, business and nature (for the fume-infected congestion of today slaughters all but a few scraggly trees) Le Corbusier applies the structural right angle, as expressed in reinforced concrete, to so many building and planning problems that it is difficult to imagine oneself in the city universe he wishes to erect. His square residence blocks, which look so scientific, could probably not be made to appeal even to those who reside in depressingly uniform American suburbs. For it makes all the difference in the world whether uniformity be conventional! To us the celebrated Voisin plan (so called because it was sponsored by the well-known manufacturer of automobiles) looks very like a nightmare. The chief reason why this is so is because man tends, consciously or otherwise, to make time an important element in his conception of the city. We cannot imagine a "contemporary" Paris, equipped to meet the peculiar conditions of this day and age, for the reason that we know and love a Paris that grew during more than nineteen centuries. Similarly we find it difficult to adopt the very sensible housing ideas advanced by Le Corbusier because we and our grandparents have always lived in another kind of house.

Regardless of the value and appeal of the suggestions sponsored in The City of Tomorrow, its basic point of view is of the utmost importance. The modern urban community has expended practically no intelligence upon the business of sane living. Business has created the city and then forgotten it; politics has governed for the sake of politics. Overbuilding and overcrowding have, curiously enough, gone hand in hand. Thousands of children grow up without ever knowing the feel of grass. Other thousands are massacred by the terrible engines of their "playgrounds." Of course there have been attempts at improvement, and energetic crusades for one kind or another of reform. But since the whole plan reposes upon what a character in one of Sean O'Casey's plays terms "a state of chassus," all these remedial endeavors get nowhere. Study the palliatives which Chicago and New York have introduced and you see tinkering which is well-nigh as effective as a small boy's effort to mend a broken wagon with tears. The effect is easily guessed when one bears in mind that today's million will be tomorrow's two million, inured to a disorder which—in all serious literalness—stifles life itself.

The age is, we have so frequently been reminded, one of great inventions and mechanical resources. A factory manager can see to it that work is done with the least possible expenditure of time and energy. But order in living? If the man who has clung to a subway strap every night of the year does not himself go mad, he may well wonder if the world is crazed. The city is a knot. It is also a knout, for countless souls. That it will not do to forget. "A heedless people," Le Corbusier reminds us, "or society, or town, in which effort is relaxed and not concentrated, quickly becomes dissipated, overcome and absorbed by a nation or a society that goes to work in a positive way and controls itself."

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EVOLUTION OF A MODERATE DRINKER

By J. ELLIOT ROSS

Prohibition remains the central topic in an unceasing debate. Though The Commonweal is editorially of the opinion that the Eighteenth Amendment has introduced greater social evils than those it was designed to remedy, it is likewise committed to opening its columns to other views of the matter. The following article by Father Ross expresses the point of view of those Catholics, more numerous than is sometimes believed, who hold that total abstinence is the only right attitude toward liquor. We believe that it will be regarded as temperate and intelligent even by those who disagree with it.—The Editors.

MARK TWAIN says somewhere that his first lie was as a baby when he pretended a pin was sticking him, because he had learned this would lead to cuddling. I may have started that early as a moderate drinker, but my memory is not as precocious as Mark Twain's. At any rate, one of my earliest recollections—I must have been about three years old—is having a sangaree just before being tucked into bed at night. I grew up in a home where we always had both fermented and distilled beverages, and nobody went to excess. As I grew to manhood in "the gay nineties," I sampled nearly every kind of intoxicating drink that was then popular—and I liked them all. Christmas would not have seemed like Christmas without egg-nog, and there was nothing so refreshing as a mint julep on a hot summer day.

My ideal was moderate drinking, and I had no use for either prohibition, or total abstinence. From the vantage point of my nine years' experience, I set my boyish will against the venerable Cardinal Gibbons when I was confirmed, and refused to take the pledge he was accustomed to give. I was twenty-five, and seven years out of college, when I started my studies for the priesthood, and I did not doubt my ability to remain a moderate drinker all my life. The drink habit held no terrors for me, because I was sure of my own strength.

However, the rule of the Paulist novitiate was total abstinence, and of course I fell in line. And then after being stationed in Chicago as a priest, I became a total abstainer and an advocate of total abstinence for others. Our parish was in the old First Ward, represented in the city council by the famous political characters, Hinky Dink and Bathhouse John. I sometimes say they converted me to total abstinence. Hinky Dink, in those pre-Volstead days, kept a saloon and advertised the largest schooner in the city for $.05. But he had plenty of competition. There was a saloon on every corner in some blocks, and sometimes one in the middle of the square, too. For the rest, the section was made up principally of poor tenements, very cheap lodging houses and pawn shops.

On Clark and State and Dearborn Streets one could see the wrecks of humanity drifting along with dissipation written clearly in their blotched faces and shambling gait. Sometimes they were literally in the gutter. At our rectory we had a constant stream of men and women seeking material and spiritual help because they had been conquered in their fight against liquor. And we served a hospital that made a specialty of delirium tremens cases. There in a series of padded cells, euphemistically called "the bungalow," we attended men and women who had been made worse than beasts by drink.

From that Chicago experience three conclusions stand out very vividly in my mind.

First of all, I came to believe that the drink evil, in intensity and extent, was the most important social problem we faced as a nation. I suspect that if family is taken in a broad sense, there was hardly a family in the country that had not had at least one member wrecked by drink. And the intensity of the evil was appalling. When under the influence of liquor, men are worse than beasts because they have given up their power of self-determination, and have no instincts to guide them. I recall the case of one man boarding with a widow, who beat her nine-year-old boy into unconsciousness and was discovered applying a lighted cigarette to the boy's wounds. A large percentage of the profanity, blasphemy, quarreling, prostitution, rape, incest, murder afflicting our country was the outcome of drink.

And unfortunately it was not only the guilty drunkards who suffered. Innocent wives, mothers, children were involved. What should have gone for food and clothing and rent and education, went for drink. Whole families ended in the slough of some slum. Catholics sometimes complain of the unjust discrimination against them. But all the unjust discrimination in the country was as a molehill to a mountain compared to the handicap hundreds of thousands of Catholics voluntarily put upon themselves by the abuse of liquor. The man who could entirely eradicate this evil among Catholics would be a veritable Moses leading his people out of a bondage worse than the Egyptian—into a desert dryness!

Secondly, I came to believe that once a man had the drink habit badly he was almost hopeless. I have given hundreds, perhaps thousands, of pledges, but I knew in my heart that most of them were useless. These men meant well, but their wills had been weakened by continual yielding. The so-called cures were usually not permanently effective. These men and women had sold their birthright of human freedom for a momentary gratification of their palate. They would be slaves until they died.

Studying these victims of drink led me to my third

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conclusion—that no one can be absolutely sure of himself. I had once gloried in my strength, and had imagined that I could continue indefinitely as a moderate drinker. But the sight of these people gave me pause. They had all at one time been moderate drinkers. They had, most of them, been confident of their own strength. Doubtless many of them had been just as strong as I ever was. And I wondered if something of the twisted psychology by which crazy people think they are sane did not apply here. Perhaps the surer a man was of his own strength, the greater was the danger of his going to excess. Pride goeth before a stumble. "Let him who thinketh himself to stand, take heed lest he fall."

I wanted to prevent the evils of drink. But as it seemed practically impossible to reform in any great numbers those who were already drunkards, the only hope was in keeping down the number of recruits. And the conclusion forced itself on me that the only sure way to prevent drunkenness was total abstinence. The further step was inevitable, that the only absolutely sure way of protecting my own self from danger was to be a total abstainer.

Moreover, I could hardly preach total abstinence to others while drinking myself. The obvious retort would be, "Physician, heal thyself." A certain percentage of these moderate drinkers, if they kept on drinking, would go to excess. They needed total abstinence, and to practise total abstinence they needed the encouragement of my example. Weighing the pleasure I might get from an occasional julep against the good of saving even one man from drunkenness, there was but one conclusion. I like most kinds of intoxicating drinks but it was only a tiny mortification to give them up. If it had been a big thing, it would merely have been the surer argument that I needed total abstinence for my own sake.

We are to some extent our brother's keepers, and this applies emphatically to drink. Some are immune, but others will certainly fall victims if they are exposed. And there is no way of telling ahead of time in which class anyone will be. I could not feel easy in conscience if I were the means of exposing to this dreadful disease a man who would contract it. The tickling of my gullet would have been no justification; the throwing of responsibility on him would not have cleared me completely.

But persuading individuals to total abstinence is a slow process. In 1917 in regard to drugs and liquors I wrote: *"If* it be found that the privilege of using such articles is invariably abused by such a large number of persons that the good of the whole community or a large part of the whole is endangered; and *if* the abuse can be stopped by prohibition: then the state has a perfect right to prohibit." Personally, I had no doubt about the abuse of drink endangering a sufficiently large part of society to warrant prohibitory legislation, although I did have considerable doubt in regard to the effectiveness of prohibition.

However, I was willing to take a chance and voted for state prohibition in Texas. Naturally, I had nothing to do with the passage of the Eighteenth Amendment. If the coming of national prohibition had depended upon me, I would certainly have deferred it. One of the most unfortunate things for temperance workers is that national prohibition came too soon.

But as long as it did come, I observe it. All the talk about personal liberty leaves me cold. As far as I can see, drink interferes a great deal more with personal liberty than does the Volstead Law. The man who drinks to excess gives up his freedom while under the influence of liquor. If he gets the drink habit, he becomes a life-long slave.

There are more ways of depriving a man of his liberty than by passing a law, and the drinkers by their indulgence interfere with the liberty of non-drinkers to a much greater extent than prohibitionists interfere with the liberty of the antis. One of these drinking advocates of personal liberty, while under the influence of liquor ran down the daughter of a friend of mine. She was nearly killed, and had to give up her liberty completely for several months in a hospital. It was no consolation whatever that the cause of the accident was vindicating his freedom.

A goodly number of the drinking advocates of personal liberty seem unwilling to give to others the freedom not to drink. They are trying to build up a group opinion that will force others to indulge. They ridicule the abstainer. They call him a killjoy, a Puritan, a long-faced hypocrite. Being convinced of the advantages of total abstinence, I feel that I am vindicating my freedom by not drinking; and there are thousands in the same situation. Antis ought to be sports enough to see this.

I was a teetotaller before Volstead, and if the dangers of pre-prohibition liquor led me to total abstinence, I would be foolish to change now. The dangers of pure liquor were bad enough; the dangers of bootleg stuff are worse. Somehow, I am not credulous enough to believe that it just came across the Canadian border, or a friend brought it over in the Leviathan. And while for $5.00 or maybe $1.00 you can get liquor tested, the test applies only to the more easily detected poisons.

Moreover, I cannot see how the purchaser of bootleg liquor escapes coöperation in the graft and corruption and violence connected with bootlegging. To me the case is clear. No purchasers, no bootleggers; no bootleggers, no graft, no shooting of enforcement officers, or of others. If I bought bootleg liquor, I could not open my pocketbook without seeing the mountainous graft and civic corruption that is associated with the system; I could not draw a check without hearing the sobs of women widowed and children orphaned by the activity of bootleggers.

As far as I am concerned, total abstinence is a very small price to pay for avoiding coöperation in what

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comes out of bootlegging. And if it were a big price, I would gladly pay it. If I were convinced that the Volstead Law was all wrong, I would think it only the part of ordinary prudence to take some other way of showing my disapproval than by exposing myself to the danger of poison liquor; I would think it only moral to refuse coöperation in all the evils of bootlegging—the evils of selling to drunkards, of graft, corruption and violence.

It is possible that there would have been less abuse of liquor today, if national prohibition had not come when it did. I do not know, and I do not know any way of determining the matter absolutely. The question is hypothetical, and reminds me of the boy who was asked if his brother liked cherry pie. "I haven't any brother," he said. "Well, if you had a brother, would he like cherry pie?" We know as much about what would have been without the Eighteenth Amendment as the boy did about the taste of his hypothetical brother for cherry pie.

But the evils of the present day are not hypothetical. They are very real. And what am I to do in the face of these evils? By patronizing bootleggers coöperate with the system that produces bootleggers? Or be a total abstainer? My conscience tells me to be a total abstainer. And I cannot understand the reasoning of those who deplore these evils, yet buy bootleg stuff; or who simply oppose prohibition with no probability whatever of being able to repeal it, while doing nothing about the present abuse of liquor.

FROWNING AT THE SOUTH

By BROADUS MITCHELL

THE North, the world indeed, is frowning at the cotton mill South. The American Federation of Labor at its Toronto convention has just resolved to raise funds for a concerted drive to organize the southern operatives. The Cotton Textile Institute, formed to help lift the American industry out of its depression, has developed a rift between its members above and below the Potomac. A New England manufacturer in the annual meeting has sought to oppose the Institute to night work for women and minors in the South. Five years ago Massachusetts cotton mill men, citing the southern differential advantage in lower wages and longer working time, appealed to their own legislature for an extension of the forty-eight-hour week. Since then, be it noticed, the design has changed. In the first instance the New England manufacturers wanted to lower their standards toward those of the South. This took no account of overproduction that might result. In the present case a surplus of products is the immediate stimulus, and it is proposed to appeal to the southern legislatures to curb the working time of southern factories.

The International Labor Office is preparing to make an inquiry into the depression in the world's cotton and woolen industries, in which conditions in the South must play a large part.

The current strikes in southern cotton mills have called forth a yelp of protest from workers and liberals in the northern states. Strike relief funds have been collecting, large meetings have been held and more are planned to acquaint the North with the low labor standards prevailing in the South. The rest of the country, while less active in indignation, is learning the facts as to the South as never before. High-powered writers whose eloquence claims a national following have rushed to the South and are now busy syndicating their articles. The British newspapers have been avid for information about the progress of labor's fight against the fifty-five and sixty-hour week and the fourteen-dollar wage in the mills below the Potomac. A score of Irish and Scottish textile manufacturers, just arrived in this country to study our industry, will find the difference between labor costs in North and South the problem most pressed upon them.

All of this is significant. It means that for the first time the South is being measured against national and world industrial standards. The depressed state of the cotton industry, due mostly to overproduction and diversion of taste to other textiles, has brought this outcry against the South. The ship's company would appease the storm by searching out the southern Jonah, and casting him overboard.

Leaving aside the rest of the world, what can the North do to improve labor standards in the cotton mills of the South?

First of all, in any activity designed to raise the manufacturing costs of their competitors, the northern mill men must meet hostility and suspicion. This is rooted in the past. The secession complex has not been dissipated; at every sharp brush between sections it shows itself again. Industrial development in the South, while it has brought the section nearer to northern interests and ways of thought, has furnished occasion for the opening of old wounds. A quarter of a century ago, when child labor in the southern mills was upon the carpet of national investigation and northern humanitarian protest, southern manufacturers were quick to claim that investigating agents were sent down by jealous northern competitors. Labor unions attempting to organize southern operatives were credited with being financed from northern mill coffers. Southern enterprisers still get a hearing when they exclaim to their public, "We lifted you out of the poverty that followed upon the Civil War—it is your patriotic duty as Southerners to protect us in the social subsidy which

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enables us to keep going!" Like the British cotton men of a century ago when beset by parliamentary correction, they threaten to tumble their factories down if hindered.

Special dislike is reserved for the northern textile unions. It is pointed out that they are headed by foreigners, Reds, Catholics; that they stir up strikes in the first place only to take membership money out of the South. Most of such argument is disingenuous on the part of those who put it forth, but the general public is ready to believe a great deal of it.

A second disability of the North is the delicate position of its own textile manufacturing interest toward the South. Many northern mill men can scarcely decide whether to stick it out in the North and exert themselves to remove low labor costs in the South, or to desert a sinking ship by moving their machinery to the low-paid, long-worked crackers and sandhillers. While there is a chance of their deciding upon the latter course, they do not want improvement in the South, but the reverse. Furthermore, other northern firms are already astride the fence, with plants in both sections. These, many of them the largest companies, are to be regarded as backing the southern horse; their equipment in the North will be moved South with little additional provocation, and they will be lost to the northern opposition.

The position of organized labor is not equivocal like that of the manufacturers. The unions have every motive to raise labor standards in the South. By doing so they protect their northern membership against the low bid of the Southerners, which has been taking bread from their mouths, and they also acquire strength in the region to which the industry is demonstrably drifting. Their embarrassing weakness flows from two quarters. First, the unionists are divided in their own ranks between the National Textile Workers (Communist and, for all the fact that it is largely on paper, bold in its methods) and the United Textile Workers (affiliated with the American Federation of Labor and more moderate in demands and practice). There are other union groups, their bonds being by craft or regional propinquity. Secondly, at the very time when the United Textile Workers, best equipped in experience and membership to organize the South, needs money and morale for its task, its northern strongholds are crumbling as mills move South and set their operatives adrift. Furthermore, the distance to the South and the differences in race and language between northern and southern workers, not to speak of the union tradition of the former, make it impossible to shift these dispossessed ones in pursuit of their machines. Added to all is the fact that less than 7 percent of the cotton mill workers of the country are organized.

This is not the end of the union's disabilities. Hostility to organized labor in the South, which does not attach only to managements and owners, but pervades a large section of the cotton mill operatives themselves, would indicate the wisdom of using southern men as organizers. But in textiles these may be said not to exist. Union men from the building trades or officials from the state and city federations have been drawn in to assist with strikes, but these lack specific knowledge of the industry and are often not of the locality involved. In the recent strikes reliance has been placed upon young organizers from the North, who, despite courage, ingenuity and perseverance in the face of staggering difficulties, have been handicapped by unfamiliarity with the habits of their immediate adherents and, more important, have not been able to make an effective appeal to southern public opinion as a whole.

Everyone recognizes, except perhaps the southern strikers immediately involved, that the recent and current conflicts are really battles between the northern and southern branches of the industry. This has increased the amount of false report on both sides. Northern organizers, returned from the South to seek support, tell traveler's tales of the poor whites—men with one suit of overalls, ancient women and half-grown boys and girls toiling in the lint-laden, humid atmosphere of the factories, impoverished villagers nailing together pine boxes to contain their dead. Their audiences, heretofore looking upon the southern poor whites only as picturesque natives to be glimpsed about Pinehurst or Aiken, are now moved to pity or consternation. The southern mill owner, set forth as an obstinate and callous ogre, awakens indignant reproaches. They all seem as far away as the Arabs of Palestine, and therefore the imagination has full play.

On the other hand, the southern mill man is apt to paint the northern strike leader and all his sponsors as scheming, conscienceless liars, animated by the spirit of the fiendish Trotzky, if not financed from Moscow. Both sides, talking of strangers, stretch their fancies.

Feature writers, some of them with names to flag any reader's interest, transcend this back-and-forth imprecation of combatants with a practised and one-sided eloquence. They are apt to remain just long enough at the southern scene of action to learn little but see much, and what they see, ground through the journalistic mill, comes out as moving copy. These high-minded reproaches are convincing of national scandal. These accounts are the siege guns of the labor war; they score few direct hits, but their boom is alarming and they carry many leagues.

One who is acquainted with the history that has brought the South to its present pass, and who knows the limitations of strikers and mill managements, feels like protesting the superficiality and artfully concealed sensationalism of these reports. They are stagey things, mere cardboard sets, but probably they are inescapable, and in the wide polemic of industrial betterment, they have a certain admitted place. Social reform has always required the cartoon as well as the table of statistics.

At a meeting of New York liberals a fortnight ago

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to discuss the industrial conflict in the South, competent observers and old hands at the labor game urged the audience to get "a little crazy" to see the workers win. There are many temptations, mediate and immediate, to this counsel, but I wonder how much an outraged northern social conscience, with the best intent in the world, can do to bring a solution in the South. In the face of working conditions that cry out for remedy, with all too few friends on the side of enlightenment, one hesitates to recall the ancient warnings about the slow patience of social change.

And yet here, as elsewhere, they hold. It does not alter the case that long hours, low wages and absence of union recognition in the textile South represent an anachronism. None of the factors in the present situation has come into being suddenly. The southward migration of northern mills, which has precipitated the conflict, was long in preparing; it began two decades ago and for years has been foretellable in its acceleration. The bad hours and low wages, and the employers' "welfare offensive" too, have their roots in the competition of the poor whites with Negro slaves a hundred years ago. The individual manufacturer, whose plant may be struck, is part of an industry unusually competitive sectionally, nationally and in world markets. He, no less than his operatives, is caught in a vise which will be relaxed only by practised untwisting of the screw. Pressure must be applied with knowledge.

To be specific: here is a southern cotton mill which has been struck all summer. There have been incidents enough—in poverty, suffering, violence—to excite sympathy and financial support for the workers. The management becomes more and more exasperated, and redoubles efforts to install strike-breakers. As a consequence, evictions from the company houses to make room for newcomers loom as a new source of friction. An agreement is reached and broken, each side charging the other with the first show of bad faith. The mill begins to fill and the situation of the strikers becomes more acute. Each of the contending parties believes bad things of the other, and reports worse. Perhaps outsiders who attempt to mediate eventually become partizans on one side or the other, and add to the confusion.

Labor standards in the factory are undeniably low. The mind of one a little detached runs ahead, however, for an answer to the question, How much, leaving aside the personal equation as expressed in aggressiveness or stubbornness, can the striking workers really expect to get? Let us suppose this mill is making shirtings of a given grade, and that its product amounts to 2 percent of that of the whole country; that is, of every 1,000 yards of these shirtings manufactured, this mill turns out 20. Suppose further that 90 percent of the competitors of this mill are working on the same hours and the same wage-scale with it. If this struck mill has a safe surplus laid by, it may accede to the strikers' demands, planning to meet the increased cost out of surplus, and meaning before this fund is expended to shift the old man of the sea from its back, or to speed up the workers or make adjustments in equipment or product which will enable it to carry the burden. But in any event, the prospect before the mill, if it is to give in, is not exhilarating. It is not disposed to accept a handicap in the cost of production, and trust to the future. In the realm of practical bargaining the union faces limitations which may not be dispelled by emotional appeal.

The best course for the union would be to bring pressure to bear on all the manufacturers of shirting of this grade at the same time. This is a counsel of perfection which the restricted funds and scanty membership of the organization have heretofore, at least, rendered impossible of realization. It is none the less true that isolated strikes in the southern textile field cannot get far. The union, in pursuing this policy, does too little and too much—it will not attain its goal, and it is likely to cause ultimate loss to the mill and its own people, in places selected for contest.

Southern manufacturers as a whole, as compared with those in the North, enjoy a differential advantage of 14 to 16 percent in cost of production. If this differential could be wiped out by union action, voluntary response to manufacturers, legislative limitation on the working time, or by all of these methods, bringing the South to a parity with the North, it might have the good result of raising labor standards, lessening the amount of goods turned out, and improving the quality of product. This attempt is well worth making, but the whole situation is charged with inertia, and always in the shadows the cheaply operated oriental mills loom like goblins before the southern manufacturer of coarse goods; for they are injuring his markets more and more.

It seems fatuous to turn from the crack of a deputy sheriff's pistol in a mountain mill village of North Carolina to the world textile inquiry being made at Geneva, and expect an answer. And yet help from some such source is not chimerical.

The North may get "a little crazy," but more potent for assistance, and more impressive in its righteousness, will be a spreading awareness and maturing sentiment in the southern public itself. Here lies some immediate hope. A pervasive pressure from southern public opinion will facilitate the large number of seemingly unconnected betterments, which, taken together, will speed solution. Indignation from without must melt into anxiety for remedy at home if the thousand troubles that stand in the way of improvement are to be got over.

Once the South comes to understand that it has manufactures as well as agriculture, a factory proletariat as well as a rural peasantry, that capitalism is crowding upon the older culture, and that this section is now incorporated into a national and world economy, the dangerous gauntlet of industrial adjustment will be run at once with the necessary caution and courage.

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CATHOLIC PUBLICITY

By MICHAEL WILLIAMS

Last week Mr. Williams analyzed the present status and uses of publicity. The discussion is now brought round to the religious uses of what is termed "propaganda," with the Catholic situation as the most important situation. That "American Catholics are twenty-five years behind the times so far as this method of advancing —or even of merely protecting—their interests is concerned" forms the conclusion. The subject will not, however, be left dangling thus in the air. In his next article Mr. Williams plans to answer the question: "What can be done about it?"—The Editors.

IN MY first article, which discussed the more general aspects of the problems of publicity—so sensationally brought to the attention of the public by the Shearer case and the lobby investigation in Washington—I said that my chief purpose was to deal with Catholic publicity, and that I would anticipate the judgment which I believe would have to be given by any competent appraiser of the facts by declaring that American Catholics are most inadequately equipped with proper publicity methods and organization. It is to maintain and prove this statement that this second article is written.

To deal with this matter as clearly and directly as its complex character will permit, we must begin by distinguishing between what is called propaganda and what we may correctly define as publicity.

As Mr. Will Irwin points out in a recent article in Scribner's Magazine, "before the world war the word 'propaganda' held an innocent and dignified meaning." According to his definition, propaganda could be described as "the methods by which you spread or advance your cult, school of opinion, ism or philosophy —in 1913 it meant that and that alone." Mr. Irwin simplifies his definition perhaps excessively; but roughly it fits. Catholics, well aware that their Church itself always has been a propaganda organization in the salutary sense of the term, are also aware that their Church for centuries has possessed a highly important special organization, the Congregation of the Propaganda of the Faith, which leads, coördinates and directs the world-wide effort to spread and advance the Catholic religion.

In one way or another—as it would be quite easy to prove in detail if space permitted—not only the Catholic Church, but practically all other religious bodies, and all the groupings of mankind into political, economic, literary, philosophical and scientific movements, are similarly organized—more or less adequately—for propaganda in this, the original and proper sense of the definition. And it must also be granted that, however much we may condemn those movements or organizations whose purposes clearly and unmistakably are in conflict with the laws or institutions of this nation, or of any other nation, there cannot be any proper objection raised to the existence and operations of propaganda organizations working in behalf of such movements and groups as keep within the limits of the law.

However, since the world war, as Mr. Irwin says, the word propaganda and the process it describes has fallen into almost universal odium because of the notorious dishonesty, and the evil uses made, of "war propaganda." No more gigantic example of how a thing that is innocent and commendable when honestly employed will become dangerous and even destructive when employed dishonestly, has ever been seen than the world war degradation of the idea and the process known as propaganda. The pernicious maxim that you may do evil for what you hold to be a good purpose (the infamous doctrine that "the end justifies the means") never wreaked such havoc as it did during and since the world war. What men as individuals would never dream of being guilty of was done freely by these very same men on behalf and in the name of their various governments. For the governments of the warring nations undoubtedly were guilty of the sin of deliberate, conscious lying. Each one spread poisonous falsehoods about the nations opposed to it in war; and to spread these lies, all the instruments of publicity: the press, the radio, the stage and the motion picture theatre, the lecture platform, even the pulpit—were employed. When the inevitable exposure of this situation came at last, it is no wonder that justifiable and honest propaganda as well as the false and vicious kind, fell under almost universal condemnation.

Nevertheless, in itself it does not deserve condemnation. Without honest propaganda modern democratic society could not carry on. It is absolutely necessary to cling to that fundamental fact. For any social group, associated in adherence to principles which they honestly believe to be necessary for the well-being of society, to be driven out of the field by the clamor now being raised against propaganda would be the most unfortunate thing that could happen to society. It would result in handing over unlimited control to forces which cannot be trusted with such responsibility. This I believe to be particularly true of the Catholic Church in the United States. If ever there was an institution whose history, whose principles, whose culture, whose methods and whose teachings were less known, more maligned or more misunderstood, its name is as yet unknown to history; certainly, to American history. The deplorable results affect all American Catholics, and affect the nation as well. Only Catholics themselves can adequately remedy the matter. Publicity is the most effective instrument. But they do not employ it.

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Practically every other religious body in the United States is much better equipped than the Catholic Church in this most important matter. There are the Christian Scientists, for a leading example. Twenty-five years ago this organization found itself faced by an almost universal suspicion on the part of the press of the country. Its doctrines were generally condemned. From the point of view of the Christian Scientists, this condemnation was unjust because it was based upon ignorance and prejudice. It is no part of my present purpose to inquire into the question of the soundness or the unsoundness of Christian Science. The important point is the action taken by those who honestly believed themselves to be the victims of ignorance, misrepresentation and prejudice. What they did was to turn to propaganda, mainly through publicity. They perfected an organization for that purpose which has achieved a success of the first magnitude.

In every large city today there is an expert publicity agent of Christian Science maintaining constant watch over all the channels by which public opinion is affected or molded. There is published in Boston one of the best edited, best written and most effective of daily newspapers, the Christian Science Monitor. No newspaper or magazine or public speaker publishing or uttering anything concerning Christian Science which from the point of view of that church is misleading, erroneous or hostile, escapes a prompt, systematic and persistent answer. Just at present we are witnessing the spectacle of a great publishing house forced to conduct a struggle against the resolute attempt of the Christian Science organization to compel the booksellers not to handle a life of Mrs. Eddy to which the Christian Science authorities object. In this instance—which is not a solitary one of the kind—the propaganda organization of the Christian Science Church is palpably employing an illegitimate weapon. But as for their usual methods, the publication of a really first-class daily paper of national—indeed of international—influence, and the admirable manner in which their united corps of publicity agents and correspondents work for the propagation of their faith, it seems to me that nothing can be said except words of commendation and praise. Since they believe in their religion, and so triumphantly prove their faith by the adoption and skilful employment of the power of publicity, they are indeed, as they themselves would say, "demonstrating" the faith that is in them.

Another conspicuous example of effective publicity organization is furnished by our Jewish friends. While, of course, all American Jews are by no means so compactly organized in a religious sense as the Christian Scientists—for modern American Jewry ranges all the way from its centre of strict orthodox believers to the most vague sort of religious views, and some sections have dropped religious views entirely—nevertheless, Jews as Jews, irrespective of their individual religious doctrines, almost universally maintain and practise a common interest in and concern for the problems of their race. No reader of the daily press during the last few years can have helped but recognize the highly effective operations of the Jewish Telegraphic Agency. This organization also publishes a daily newspaper made up of the messages prepared and distributed by it. This newspaper has no general circulation, but reaches those who mold and influence public opinion at its source. The other news-collecting agencies and the owners and editors of our great American newspapers, must be thoroughly convinced of the integrity and honest character of the Jewish Telegraphic Agency, because a very wide use is made by the press of the despatches sent out by it. Its work was particularly noteworthy during the recent troubles in Palestine. Its despatches from Poland and other parts of the world where Jewish problems are acute appear continually. During the Palestine trouble it sent one of the best-known American newspaper correspondents in Paris, Mr. Pierre van Paasen, to Palestine to report at first hand concerning conditions there in a series of extraordinarily able articles.

In the current number of the American Mercury, you will find an article in which the expert publicity work carried on for a large number of religious organizations and individual Protestant clergymen in New York City is described at length. It would be almost superfluous to mention the constant publicity activities of the splendid organizations representing such bodies as the Young Men's Christian Association, the Young Women's Christian Association, the Salvation Army, the Protestant Episcopal Church, the Anti-saloon League, and many others. They have professional journalists in their employ, exclusively devoted to the unending task of propaganda. Their clip-sheets and news reports reach every editor's desk in America, and a very considerable amount of what these clip-sheets and reports contain finds its way into the secular press or is reflected in the opinions uttered by secular editorial writers.

Where does the Catholic Church figure in this field? Practically speaking, not at all. The news bureau of the National Catholic Welfare Conference collects and distributes a large amount of well-written, authentic Catholic news and views, but this is almost exclusively for the benefit of the Catholic newspapers. Now, these Catholic newspapers—with one exception, a daily published in Dubuque, Iowa—come out only once a week. The news bureau of the National Catholic Welfare Conference cannot give its information to the secular press because that would hurt the Catholic weekly newspapers. The Catholic weekly newspapers are read almost solely by Catholics; and, comparatively speaking, only a handful of Catholics at that. Only a very few of them exert any notable influence on the secular press. American Catholics are twenty-five years behind the times they live in, so far as this typically American method of advancing—or even of merely protecting—their own interests is concerned.

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THE TEMPLES OF THE MORDVAS

By CATHERINE RADZIWILL

THE war fought by the Soviets against religion is not confined to Christians, but is carried on likewise against the Musselmen, Buddhists and Jews. What they are fighting is faith in general, faith in a Supreme Being to Whom humanity is accountable for its good and bad actions. The only people who seem to have found grace in the eyes of the disciples of Lenin are the few pagan tribes still left in Russia.

These are to be found mostly in Siberia, and are represented by the Eskimos, the Yakoutes and Samoyeds. There are also the Tcheremisses and the Mordvas in the Volga region. The latter belonged officially to the Greek Orthodox Church in the days of the czars, having been forcibly converted to it during the reign of Catherine II, but this conversion never went further than paper; the Mordvas remained faithful to the idols their ancestors had worshiped, and never wavered in their allegiance to them.

They are a curious race: strong, hardy men and women, excellent workers, good agriculturists, and far more industrious than the Russians. Their early characteristics are still intact, and they have managed to retain their pagan temples, which are located underground in some spot unknown except to a very few, in the vast, almost virgin forests which abound in the Volga region; forests where man has hardly ever penetrated. Several times a year they assemble in those mysterious temples to celebrate their ancient rites, and to worship their hideous idols in their own weird and strange manner. Every year on Saint John's Eve, a female calf, entirely white except for two black spots, is brought into these temples and solemnly slaughtered by a Mordva priest, and its blood is distributed among the people. They pledge themselves to keep it intact either until the following year, or until the arrival of the King of the World—that mysterious personage in whose advent the entire Volga region as well as Central Asia, implicitly believes, and through whose agency mankind is to be redeemed. The following year, if he has not appeared, the bottles containing the blood are destroyed.

There is another Mordva superstition alive at the present moment, which is connected with marriage celebrations of girls (not widows). When the bride comes out of her father's house she is handed a shroud, which she is told to hang over her bridal bed, and to leave there for three days and nights; after this it is solemnly buried in the village churchyard, with the same ceremonies that are used for the funeral of human beings. This shroud is supposed to be for the evil spirits whose influence might wreck the happiness of the marriage.

All this, however, is superstition, combined with idolatry. There is something much more curious and interesting about the Mordvas, which is connected with their national history. They are a tribe of Finnish origin which formerly inhabited the region known to this day as Polesia—a part of the present Lithuania. They were originally called Jadzvings. In the eighth century they were driven out of their haunts by the combined forces of the Poles and Lithuanians. Some of them migrated toward the south, and the Don and Dnieper regions, where they ultimately were incorporated with the Zaporogue Cossacks. The others—the Mordvas—settled further east, toward the Volga.

The descendants of the last Jadzving king (Rzev or Rzevin) became great and powerful nobles in Poland as well as in the Ukraine. One of them, the bishop of the Polish town of Plock in the twelfth century, conceived the idea of going to seek what was left of his people in the distant lands whither they had fled, and converting them to Christianity. He started on his perilous journey accompanied by a few young priests of his diocese, and spent five years among the Mordvas, "his own people," as he called them, preaching to them the Word of God and the doctrines of the Catholic Church, and making innumerable converts. Unfortunately he was not allowed to finish his self-appointed task. Another Finnish tribe, the Tcheremisses, who had always been at variance with the Mordvas, heard about this strange and mysterious old man who was trying to shake the popular faith in the idols of their forefathers, and determined to punish him. They declared war on the Mordvas after the latter had refused to deliver the bishop into their hands, drove them back to their dark caverns, and took the old missionary prisoner. After cruelly torturing him they sent him back, blinded and without hands, to his people. Of course he could no longer perform the sacred rites of the Church, and after much hesitation he returned to Poland, where he died in the odor of sanctity in 1152.

He had left behind him some of the priests who had accompanied him, but they did not succeed in the work he had begun, and after they died, it was allowed to drop. The Mordvas returned to their former paganism, but—and here it is that the really curious fact enters—this worship was transformed from the wild thing it had originally been into a parody of Christian rites in general, and Catholic rites in particular.

In their subterranean and secret temples, they venerate their idols in almost the same way as Catholics venerate relics of saints. Their religious services are far more like Catholic than Greek Orthodox services, and the hymns which they sing are the same as those in use in Catholic churches—translated, of course, into their own curious and guttural language, which does

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not bear the slightest resemblance either to Russian or to the dialect of the Tartar population which is very numerous in all the Volga region. In addition to their idols that are never shown to people of another faith, their temples contain crude pictures and paintings which are distinctly Catholic in their character, and do not bear the slightest resemblance to Greek ikons.

Other religious customs which they observe are also of a Catholic origin. Confession is obligatory with them once a year at least, and the penitents, instead of standing before the priest, as is done in the Orthodox faith, prostrate themselves at his feet. After they have recited a list of their sins, the confessor leads them to the altar, and there kills in their presence a hen, or some other small animal, by cutting its throat; after which he sprinkles its blood over the head of the culprits, who are supposed thus to be cleansed by it from their misdeeds. There is no celebration of Holy Communion, unless one can call so the annual ceremony I have already described, which takes place on Saint John's Eve. But twice a year a rite recalling the sacrament of confirmation is celebrated, which consists in anointing with oil the people desirous of obtaining this privilege, and then giving them a vigorous box on the ear, the purpose of which is to strengthen them in their faith.

Whenever a Mordva dies, secret ceremonies are performed over his body (I cannot describe them, because I was never told in what they consist) which are supposed to win salvation for the soul about to depart from this world. And it is only after these ceremonies are over that the death is announced, and the body given over to the Greek Orthodox Church for burial. This was required by the law in pre-Bolshevik days because, as I have said, the Mordvas were officially Christians and Orthodox. The law compelled them to baptize their children, to marry in Greek Orthodox churches, and to be buried by Greek Orthodox priests. They conformed to the law, but considered it a pure formality, and believed only in the ceremonies performed by their own priests. The latter—and this was also another remnant of their early Catholic teachings—were compelled to remain single as long as they were priests. They could, however, renounce this sacred character whenever they liked, although few among them ever did so.

The most curious thing about the Mordvas is that although most of them knew where their temples were located, they kept their secret so well that the police have never been able to find them. This fact can be accounted for partly by the existence of the almost impenetrable marshes and forests that abound in the Volga region. In addition to this, the entire soil is mined by subterranean caverns connected with one another by underground passages, both natural and artificial, some of which harbored in ancient days the hordes that followed the famous brigand Stenka Razine, and the peasants who under the leadership of Pougatchov arose against Catherine II. There is a tradition that these passages extend through and under the Urals, to those steppes of Asia out of which emerged Genghiz Khan and Tamerlane in their march toward the conquest of Europe.

Before the war I owned a property in that part of the world, and was upon excellent terms with the Mordva population, most of my farmers belonging to their race. They were excellent farmers and hard workers, with a few really intelligent and well-instructed fellows among them. One day one of them volunteered to obtain for me permission to visit one of their temples, a permission which was very rarely granted to a Christian. Of course I was sworn to secrecy. A Mordva came to fetch me at night, and we rode together to the distant forest where the temple was hidden. "Hidden" must be taken literally, because I doubt whether any stranger would have been able to discover this place of worship. We left our horses in the thick of the forest in care of a Mordva boy, and walked for a considerable distance, finding our way through bushes and high grasses. My guide had told me to stoop down when he laid his hands upon my shoulders, but so suddenly did we come upon the very narrow underground passage, and so quickly did he guide me through it, that he almost forced me into it. We crept for a few minutes on all fours in what appeared to me to be a downward direction, then all at once found ourselves in a cavern of imposing proportions. At the farthest end stood an altar of stone, on which two high candles were lighted.

The walls of this cavern were covered with paintings of a distinctly Catholic character. Some of them were absolutely the same as those we see in Catholic churches, though they were supposed to represent episodes in the lives of the Mordvas' holy saints, of whom they have many, or in that of Ordou, as their principal idol is called. The latter's place is supposed to be on the altar, but he was not there when I visited this curious place, because "unbelievers," as Christians are called, are never allowed to look upon him. But the most curious thing in this last pagan sanctuary left in Europe, was a lamp, made exactly like those that hang in Catholic churches before the Holy Sacrament, a lamp which, I was told, is always kept lit before the shrine upon which the image of Ordou is solemnly put whenever a religious service takes place. This lamp, the Mordvas believe, represents the light that will light their way to heaven on Judgment Day.

All this will seem very strange to our matter-of-fact Americans, but Asia is still the land of mystery, where the strangest things happen, and the Volga and Ural regions are more Asiatic than European. And who knows whether this lamp which used to burn perpetually before the altar of Ordou, will not one day lead the pagan Mordvas toward the real light represented by the Christian faith and Christian doctrines, in spite of Bolsheviks and the war which they have declared against religion and its teachings.

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VOLITION AND THE NOVEL

By JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

IN READING the novels of the great Russians (foully maligned when they are called fatalists) or of Victorian England, or in reading the best plays of the Elizabethans or of the Greeks, one is at once struck by their manifest superiority to the fiction of the present day. We vaguely experience the sense that something vital is lacking in the fiction of our era, and we wonder why. Here we have men and women, living, loving, dying and generally repeating the age-old cycle, in this day, just as in any other; yet their lives, whether they be Sister Carries, Mrs. Dalloways, Monsieur Swanns, Leopold Blooms, MacTeagues, seem curiously lacking in human significance, or have at best a negative significance. Their creators may be suberb observers, faithful to the truth as it appears to them, faithful to the characters they see around them, but the books that result are pale. They tend to blur. They are simply not dramatic.

Why? Critics have circled the problem suggestively enough, but they tend to shy off from the central reason mainly because it is obvious. Storm Jameson suggests the reason as a lack of faith, and then asks faith in what? John Carruthers offers the possibility that we are bogged in the materialistic science of the nineteenth century, which would explain Dreiser's strangely mechanical and unreal quality, but he doesn't go far enough when he suggests that novelists ought to think more in terms of patterns breaking up and recombining into further patterns. Such books as May Sinclair's Anne Severn and the Fieldings break up and recombine, and yet they are pale. We forget them long before we forget The Brothers Karamazov. Others suggest that we have gone altogether too subjective, that in reducing the novel to a flow of shifting sensory phenomena, we have turned our backs on the world as it is. And these people are partly right, but they too fail to cut to the root of the matter. We have only to look across the fence, to see that authors such as John Herrmann and Josephine Herbst, who have gone the whole way to an uncompromising objectivity are just as pale as the representatives of the flow-of-sensation school of writing.

If Miss Jameson had come to me and posed her question I should have answered, "We lack faith in the concept of the human being as a responsible moral agent; faith in volition, in will." If John Carruthers had come talking of his patterns, which he took from Professor Whitehead, I should have said, "Go back and read Whitehead on the principle of concretion" —which is simply another term for will. And I should have suggested to them that the fault of the novel did not lie with the novelist at all, but in the larger sphere of modern philosophy, with the ideas—or rather the lack of them—that moderns suck in during their formative years. The trouble with our fiction is not that our artists are incompetent; it lies in the fact that they are surrounded by people who have to a great extent lost their belief in moral discipline, in what Mr. Mumford calls the "formative powers of the mind"—which, in the last analysis, are moral powers. Everyone of us is inclined in certain respects to be a trimmer, to hedge, to compromise. We are pragmatists in the worse sense of the word for, under the aegis of the slogan, "A thing is true if it works," we act without really investigating the problem of what works to our mutual health. We degrade William James, who was a very great man, by using him as an excuse, and therefore poor James finds himself the object of the attack of idealists like Julien Benda. We forget that James himself might define "what works" in a highly moral and responsible way; that he might consider Wall Street speculation, for example, or any one of a dozen other entrenched popular practices, as things that didn't "work" at all.

Most of us have lost any urgent belief in the doctrine of the moral responsibility of the individual, and hence we tend to slide along, to postpone and evade decisions. It has been proved in the past that man is capable of seeking out the "good life" (and let us divest the phrase of connotations that lend themselves to cant). We know, through the record of literature, through a reading of biography, that man is at least able to exert pressure upon his surroundings, to force an issue. Hamlet, for all his Hamletism, at last forced the issue; Ahab fought Moby Dick to a decision; Richard Feverel stood out against his father, and his father stood out against him; the heroes of Aeschylus and Sophocles—"neither wholly good, nor wholly bad"—go down before the fate inherent in character, but we do not doubt for a moment that "character" in the Greek sense contains the implication of a will to choose between the good and the bad.

In Hardy, who has been accused of fatalism time and again, we watch the fated Jude constantly borne up by the functional belief that he can exert pressure to improve his lot. He is unsuccessful, it is quite true; but Jude the Obscure is dramatic because the unfortunate hero believes in the will. So does Tess, so does Clem Yeobright. They can no more eradicate the belief than they can remove the factor of blood pressure. Like the characters of Aeschylus and Sophocles, like Anna Karenina, like Richard Feverel, like Lady Macbeth, Jude and Tess are affected by belief in the concept of purpose. Put it this way if you like: that it is the uncertainty as to whether volition does or does not affect human destiny, played off against human beings who have an intuitive knowledge that it does, which gives the works of Shakespeare, Hardy, Meredith, Tolstoi, Dostoievsky and the Greeks their memorable quality. The uncertainty is there, but the concept of volition, of purpose, remains.

They order things differently in the twentieth century, and they ordered them differently in the nineteenth as far as Zola and his followers were concerned. The characters of Proust, for example, have lost their functional belief in the will; they consider themselves pawns of chance, of heredity; they suffer, but we do not recall their suffering with much vividness precisely because they had no hand in bringing it on. Humanly speaking, they are hors concours; they are machines. We cannot work up much emotion over machines beyond pitying them for being machines. Mrs. Dalloway and the Jacob of Jacob's Room, who drift, end by drifting completely out of mind. There is nothing dynamic about them, for they have no belief in themselves as dynamic factors, with as much ability to alter life as life has ability to alter them. They cannot see that the process is one of interaction. The characters of Elizabeth Bowen, which are very skilfully set before us, are not skilfully kept before us; they are volitionless people, and they do not kick up enough conflict to set themselves indelibly behind the eyes. Stephen Dedalus remains with us until he gets out of A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man into the moral swamp of Ulysses. There may be a memorable solidity to Sister Carrie, Leopold Bloom, Molly Bloom, but they do not capture the imagination, for they drift along the stream of life without any effort to steer their own way. They slide around corners, and dodge real issues; there is no shock of battle, nothing to stir us to particular notice beyond the philosophical recogni-

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tion that they are creatures of an age that has lost its belief in the operation of the will.

Have I been overstating the case? Perhaps I have, to the extent that anyone who is forced to use the simplifications that make up our stock of usable terms must overstate any case. But I believe that a loss of belief in the human being as a moral agent is at the base of the paleness of modern fiction; and—belief came, not because I wanted it to come, but simply through reading old and modern fiction in parallel. It forced itself upon me; not me upon it. Of course we can't make any hard and fast and sweeping divisions; we can't say that all literature before 1880 is vividly dramatic, and that all this side of that arbitrary date is pale. But we can say that the balance is in favor of the old; and we can say that the best of modern fiction retains the concept of human volition.

Let us test recent artists in the light of volition. We cannot forget the informer of Liam O'Flaherty's novel, and the reason we cannot forget him lies in the conflict engendered by his rudimentary moral scruples. He believed that he shouldn't have told, believed that he had chosen wrong in telling, and was quite willing to think that he must of necessity suffer because his choice had been wrong morally. Gide's The Counterfeiters and L'Ecole des Femmes remain in the mind because of the constant moral rumination that goes on in the minds of the characters. They are impressed with the necessity of choosing between good and evil; there is the corollary of conflict. Ludwig Lewisohn's The Island Within, which to my heretical way of thinking should have won a Pulitzer Prize, is still vivid after two years because of Arthur Levy's effort to force himself into a channel that would be morally acceptable to his nature. On the other hand, I have forgotten the mass of stuff that has appeared in the first and second American Caravans, and find in looking them up that the concept of will does not figure in the majority of the stories. Sherwood Anderson and Conrad Aiken have blurred; isn't it because there is no particular fight in their characters? Even so damned a person as Dmitri Karamazov has ten times the fight that is inherent in the hero of Blue Voyage.

Recent developments, largely outside of fiction, seem to point to a recrudescence of belief in human volition, in the power of the human organism to respond in some measure at least to the challenge to force its own destiny. Modern physics, with its impulse to see things in terms of process rather than in differentiated bumps of cause and effect, has at least rehabilitated the will as a working hypothesis. It may be wishful thinking, but I have hopes that the belief in the power of choice, in the power to tend toward good or toward evil, as one will, is spreading. For given the power of choice we can have dramatic conflict, and given dramatic conflict we can have memorable fiction. Given a society that believes in the will, our novelists will come out of the Dreiserian wilderness, out of the flow-of-sensation or flow-of-behavioristic-pattern responses. Creative writers largely reflect their age; given a good age we should get good fiction. Let us once pass the preface to morals, and we should have more enduring drama. It is now up to the philosophers; let them build the scaffolding for our coming novelists.

Mystery

Again does sacerdotal Autumn tread,
Vested in snowy raiment, o'er each vine,
Turning the deep green leaves to bleeding red,
As Christ, of old, changed water into wine.

THOMAS E. BURKE.

COMMUNICATIONS

INDUSTRIAL OUTPOSTS

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—About four hundred miles along the northwest coast of British Columbia, on the Alaskan inland water passage, is the town of Ocean Falls. Its population of about seven thousand souls, reflects the immigration of the Pacific coast, with its oriental section for Japanese, Hindus and Chinese. The majority consist of Canadian and United States workers who have been attracted to this ideal location to follow the paper-making industry. The town site proper is located at the foot of towering mountains, with their virgin growth of spruce and pine. It is a company-owned town, with shipping its only means of transportation to the outside world. The docking of the steamer furnishes an event for those not employed at that particular time: they watch the lowering gangplank that brings its cargo of tourists and mining prospectors, seeking the elusive fortunes that exist in the mineral wealth of these northwest mountains.

The first impression of this industrial centre is the up-to-date architecture of the buildings housing the latest improved paper-making machinery, which is designed to get the greatest production possible from these seemingly inexhaustible mountain forests. Only the largest logs seem to satisfy the appetite of this machine monster, with its continuous process of turning pulp into newsprint paper. Everything within the town, with the exception of the post-office and three churches is owned and controlled by the corporation, in which it is said much United States capital is invested. Information is readily furnished that there is no unemployment problem. Every able-bodied man is employed. The working population reflects racial immigration differing from that of the industrial Atlantic states. Japanese, Hindus and Chinese mingle with paper-makers from the Pacific coast and descendants of those who went to the Yukon and remained to domicile the solitudes of the Northwest.

The curving coast line makes the ports of this part of North America 500 miles nearer China than any seaport on the Pacific coast. It is from these points, and the immigration that populates the industry, that our oriental neighbors will get some idea of our industrial democracy. The visitor who registers at the company-owned hotel must tell his business or leave with the next boat. There may be some reason for this proceeding when it is understood that the company is bitterly opposed to organized labor. A strike took place some years ago, and the policies of the company-owned town do not provide for any discussions among the workers that might question the benevolent economic structure created by the company. Eighty per-cent of the money that is paid out in wages to the employees is received back by the company in payment for rent, food, clothing and beverages. The 20 percent that escapes is classified in savings, mail orders for liquors, wearing apparel and sporting goods. There is only one beer parlor—as they are properly called in British Columbia; that is conducted under the law, which provides that only those seated can be served, and does not allow any loud recitations of The Shooting of Dan McGrew, or singing of Sweet Adeline. The government liquor store was closed some time ago because of the tendency of some of the workers to indulge too freely, which interfered with the efficiency of the plant. Many of the workers are married and settled in comfortable homes, but the tendency of the younger generation is to work long enough to get a stake that will provide steamer fare to Vancouver or Seattle.

All of the land is owned by the company except that occu-

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pied by the three churches, the United, Episcopal and Roman Catholic, the company generously recognizing that company control must end where religious freedom begins. This attitude must have great effect upon the Oriental, if he ever allows his mind to leave the more engrossing job of handling logs. The subject state of the workers in their everyday activities makes him feel quite at home in this western civilization that prides itself on its democratic principles of government. The standard of living is regulated by the $.50 per hour for the unskilled worker, and goes as high as $1.25 for the few skilled paper-makers. This is 10 percent lower than the scale would be if there were an opportunity for collective bargaining among the workers. The hidden qualities for organization that are part of the birthright of the American worker are suppressed in this company-owned town, under a cloak of welfare and benevolence that robs the worker of his initiative and right to establish his own protection for his family life. There are other company-owned towns developing rapidly in the United States and Canada that are establishing a similar social basis. The revolution taking place in industrial methods of production tends to locate manufacturing plants at the source of the raw materials. These industrial outposts carry with them the modern machinery that practically eliminates the skilled worker, reducing human control to a minimum. How far is the revolutionary machine age going to function in the paternal control of the worker? Are we reaching the point where, when the company interest begins, individual liberty ceases?

WILLIAM COLLINS,
General Organizer, American Federation of Labor.

THE MORALITY OF THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC

Pittsburgh, Pa.

TO the Editor:—The September 4 issue of The Commonweal carries an especially interesting discussion of prohibition by Mr. A. Wagner. While your readers may not have the advantage of seeing a discussion carried on with equal prominence given to the pro and the con of this question, nevertheless the wet views offered concerning this social difficulty are certainly sufficiently varied to satisfy the requirements of an argument. Mr. Wagner agrees in part with John A. Ryan, but in one chief particular he is opposed to the Doctor for the conviction he expressed in a former article as follows: "Concerning those provisions which forbid the sale of liquor and its manufacture and transportation for sale, I still hold, as I did in 1920 and until 1926, that they enjoyed during those years a presumption of social utility and ethical validity. Cumulative experience, however, has definitely destroyed the presumption that favored the noble experiment during the early years of the experimentation."

It would seem well established that the social cost of alcohol when used as a beverage for common consumption was very materially reduced by prohibition. If these good results have varied in extent or have seemed to have lessened, it is worth while to consider the resistance that has been offered all along by a bold insistence on the part of some sections of the press that the law should have a large majority of the citizenship with it in order to merit a respectful obedience to its principles. How large this majority should be to satisfy a minority and make them willing to accede, is difficult to ascertain. Should all law come under this baneful test, or only prohibition law? Who is going to decide this point for the one out of sympathy with this or any other law? Must we consider the legality of any enactment weakened by each infraction of its rule? Will each person be his own arbiter of the good and bad laws? Many pertinent questions could be asked, but perhaps the most discomforting one of all would be, why has there been spread so much disrespect for and even disobedience to law in order to advocate some other law in substitution? Law can be repealed without being destroyed, and the reasons given for repeal of any law to which there is objection surely can be made apparent without a near approach to anarchy.

A situation in which minorities would be satisfied would be an ideal earthly one, but to reach such a happy state seems a hopeless task, especially where the issue which causes the clash is real; and yet there have been statesmen who would give us such a promise when they know that any attempt (short of prohibition) to legislate effectively with alcohol and the consequence of its consumption by a people would disclose a wider chasm between the differing elements of the wets than there is at present between the wets and the drys.

CHARLES J. BYRNES.

REFLECTIONS UPON ART

Des Moines, Ia.

TO the Editor:—One really wonders just what Mr. John Emmett Gerrity is aiming to say in his letter of October 23. His scathing attack on Mr. Ralph Adams Cram is entirely uncalled for, and his criticism of Mr. Cram's artistic ideals are, to say the least, unreasonable.

Just what Mr. Gerrity means by "artistic moderns" would be hard to say after reading his letter. Whenever the "budding hotbeds of modern art" produce something worthy of being adopted by the Universal Church, then will be the time to give them fitting praise for their efforts in establishing religious art worthy of the name.

The so-called modern mind thus far seems incapable of conceiving anything that in any way compares with the work produced by the great minds of the past. Mr. Gerrity states in his letter that there has been going on for some time a return to the inspiration of religion in the art. Why not give this seed an opportunity to grow and flower along real artistic lines?

It is hard to understand in just what sense Mr. Gerrity means that the Church Militant is essentially modern, and to class those who have had the brains and the courage to oppose the so-called modern church builders in their erection of "train shed" houses of worship as being stuffy zealous bigots is in itself narrow-mindedness. As Mr. Gerrity states, "this intense age has great religious potentialities capable of breaking the bounds of preconceived forms and styles." And if so, why not allow those who know what they are doing to go ahead with the right work?

And since such artistic skill belongs to a man who is himself not a member of the Catholic Church, it ill becomes any of us who are members of that Church known as the Mother of Arts to find fault with someone who is trying to bring us back to a proper artistic standard. Mr. Cram states in his communication to The Commonweal of September 25: "No one would claim that the recovery of good art in the service of religion that has been going on now for twenty-five years has reached its term. Only a beginning, though a good beginning, has been made; eventually something far finer will be achieved. The only point is, that the Catholic art of a thousand years, from Hagia Sophia to Salamanca, Le Mans and Gloucester, is a better basis to work on, and from, than the 'alive, distinctive, up-to-date, unecclesiastical' art which has had such ludicrous showing in

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France and is the product of about twenty years of ingenious activity on the part of the exponents of an un-Catholic, anti-Catholic, civilization."

These should be our exact sentiments at the present day. That the clergy are expecting better and more artistic churches and church furnishings can be attested by those who are in a position to know just what church men, especially of the younger generation, are asking for when they get ready to build and embellish a temple of God.

While it is true that any place on the face of the earth where the Sacrifice of the Mass is offered and where resides the Prisoner of Love will be sacred to Catholics, that does not release us from the obligations of offering to God Who is infinitely beautiful the very best that we have.

Just so long as we are all satisfied with gaudily decorated statuary and ill-fitting vestments, we will be served these and no other. If the "modern minds" can really produce art worthy of the Church's approval and in keeping with the dignity of her liturgical worship, then let us step aside and remain in silence until it has been accomplished. Thus far, however, the "modern minds" have shown themselves wholly incapable of producing any such thing.

ORVILLE L. BINKERD.

SAFETY ALOFT

Moline, Ill.

TO the Editor:—Some three weeks ago, in connection with a reference in your magazine to the disaster that befell the T.A. T. plane, City of San Francisco, I called your attention to the safety regulations established and enforced by the Aeronautics Branch of the Department of Commerce. I am glad to read the editorial Safety Aloft, in the issue of October 23.

Since your magazine is written for the general public, which has still almost everything to learn about aviation, I take it that you would not willingly misinform that public, and lead it to expect something from airplane instruments that these instruments are not intended to do. May I therefore call your attention to the following paragraph in Safety Aloft, which contains misstatements:

"Three instruments . . . : the radio beam, which will keep a pilot true on his course, bring him to his destination through darkness and fog, and enable him to land safely even when he cannot see the ground." The radio beam will positively not do the latter but the new altimeter will. "An automatic pilot which will keep the plane level without any attention from the aviator." An airplane can dispense with everything except the man at the stick, but the newly perfected artificial horizon is the pilot's greatest friend in blind flying, i.e., in snow and fog when he cannot see the real horizon. "A new altimeter which will show altitude above the ground instead of above sea-level, obviating the danger of flying into hilltops." The new altimeter serves this purpose, but also the equally important purpose referred to above of enabling the pilot to land safely when he cannot see the ground: to make a landing he must level off his plane at 12 to 15 feet above the ground, and when he is absolutely sure he is no higher or no lower than that, he can land safely.

The public at large is distrustful of the airplane because it does not understand, or because it misunderstands. I am sure there can be no valid objection to giving the reading public the correct information.

J. B. CULEMANS.

THE PLAY

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

Gluck's Orpheus

FOR one entrancing week, the Provincetown Playhouse, now installed uptown in the Garrick theatre, revived their production of Orpheus. It is very sad to have to write of this event in the past tense—and seemingly unnecessary, too, since the revival played to crowded houses and stirred an enthusiasm quite rare along the fringe of Broadway. But it is well worth writing about none the less, first as a record of fine achievement, and secondly, as a hint to all lovers of music and drama to be on the watch for still another revival at some later date.

Orpheus has seldom been given as an opera, although Gluck's enthralling score has often been rendered in concert form and with notable soloists. The date of the original production is 1762, and the place Vienna. So far as we know, America first heard it in 1863. There are only three singing parts, and the rôle of Orpheus has been taken variously by tenors, baritones and such well-known contralto singers as Louise Homer in modern days and Viardot-Carcia in the last century. In the Provincetown revival of a few years ago, Orpheus was assigned to Richard Hale. His superb rendition of the difficult and sustained music brought the highest praise, and it was again Hale who appeared in last week's revival.

The Provincetown revival has the advantage of being on a small scale in a small theatre. This prevents the loss of the poetry and drama which are so apt to occur on the great spaces of the Metropolitan Opera stage. One is close to the tragedy, and the music becomes, as it should, merely an exquisite medium for heightening the dramatic action. Instead of feeling, as one does so often with opera, that an attempt has been made to blend two irreconcilable forms of expression, one is aware simply of a perfect harmony of intent and a single artistic whole.

Perhaps the greatest curse of opera, as presented in most of the great cities of the world, is pretentiousness. The famous singer dominates everything. His or her salary is a matter of public wonderment. To meet that salary, huge audiences are demanded at high prices. The glamour of a social function is added by the presence of rich patrons in boxes. The opera house itself becomes a vast and ornate barn. True art, seeking the chance to create aesthetic enjoyment, goes abegging in carpeted aisles. The struggle is too great, and nine times out of ten one is content to sit back and, with closed eyes, to drink in the notes of the famous singer. Opera as such becomes odious—a clumsy mastodon.

The Provincetowners have cut away the pretentious trappings and, by selecting an opera of almost perfect proportions, have brought back its full possibilities as a method of uniting poetry, drama, music and the dance. They have taken a gem from the past, and by giving it lovely expression, set new hope for the future. Nowhere is this more certain than in Elsa Findlay's direction of the chorus and ballet. The grey-clad figures who stand watch, like the chorus of Greek tragedy, and breathe their words of consolation or terror or pity, recreate a lost element of beauty. The grotesque and distorted dance of the underworld spirits in the second act, and the slow serene movements of the spirits of the Elysian fields in the third carry the inner meaning of the dance to a new perception and dramatic intensity.

Of the principal singers in this revival, Richard Hale is, unfortunately, the only one to emerge with distinction. Anne Elliott, as the voice of Eros, has a distressing tremolo and an

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unpleasing tone quality in which a concealed overtone seems to vibrate in dissonance with the essential note. Irene Williams as Euridice is much happier in vocal expression, but lacks dramatic intensity and the appearance of ethereal youth necessary to maintain complete illusion. This, you may say, is a criticism one would never think of making in the case of familiar opera, where two-hundred-pound heroines in the late forties are the rule rather than the exception. True enough. Also true that Miss Williams is a sylph and a mere child in comparison with many of the noted sopranos of our Metropolitan stage. Still, the fact remains that in a production which obviously seeks dramatic illusion, she is unable fully to sustain her share.

This leads us to Richard Hale. His is not one of the great operatic voices. Its quality is uneven. At times some of his notes are a trifle muffled. Yet he is an artist—not merely an artistic singer, but an artist in the fullest sense of the word, gifted with an inner flame that spreads warmth and intensity and spiritual force to his every gesture and intonation. His artistry is a unit. He is neither a singing actor nor an acting singer. He uses his voice entirely for dramatic effect and his acting to heighten the poetry and power of his musical expression. There is complete integrity in his attack and there is poetry, not only in his understanding, but in all that he can make his audience understand and feel. This ability to give inner understanding a full outer expression is, after all, nothing more nor less than that perfection of balance between idea and reality which, in everyday life, we call fine adjustment, and which, in art, we set as the ultimate goal of achievement. It is the balance which made Greek sculpture supreme. (How utterly Greek is the feeling which Richard Hale conveys throughout Orpheus!) It is the balance which turns a political visionary into a practical statesman. It is the balance which makes daily life endurable and provides that calm judgment which we call maturity.

Berkeley Square

BEFORE the winter is over, much will be written about John Balderston's play, Berkeley Square. The play itself may not last throughout the season. In fact, I very much doubt if, after the first flush of appreciation has faded, it will carry enough emotional conviction to win a wide and permanent audience. It is written with great distinction, and acted with a delicious sense of comedy in certain scenes and exquisite tenderness in others. But it is a play built essentially upon withdrawal from realities and upon an effort to escape into the limitless realm of fancy—not, please note, in the sense of harmless phantasy, but rather in the pathological sense. For all its apparent toying with the fanciful idea that a man can live in two periods of history at one time, and for all the whimsical comedy ensuing from such an idea, its root inspiration lies deeper, very close in fact to a well-recognized form of insanity which begins with preferring a dream world to living truths.

In the matter of dramatic technique, Berkeley Square is compounded with unusual skill. Peter Standish, living in 1928 in the house of his ancestors, begins to be fascinated by old documents and diaries he finds dealing with the romance of an earlier Peter Standish, who lived and loved in 1784. The present-day Peter is engaged to be married, but his interest in present happenings is rapidly giving way to a deep love of the past, a love so enthralling that he cannot even go out of the old house. He must remain there to commune with the past—actually, if possible, to relieve it. Instead of resorting to the old trick of a dream, Mr. Balderston has his Peter Standish transport himself bodily, as if through a newly discovered magic based on the relativity of time and space. He is back in 1784, with a curious knowledge of future events, at once a historical figure and a man of today, talking of the people around him as if they were dead, yet feeling them emotionally as living. History has it that he marries Kate Pettigrew, but that part of him which is of today falls in love with Helen Pettigrew instead. It becomes a romance of foreordained frustration. Unwillingly he must return to the present. Helen must be left among the dead, although she, for her part, lives as much in an ideal of the future as Peter lives in conjured memories of the past. In the last scene, Peter is back in the present, apparently returned to sanity after an anxious period during which he has failed to recognize even his fiancée. But the mental link with the past has now become unbreakable. He cannot marry. His soul and his love are with the lovely Helen—Helen who died at the age of twenty-three years, 140 years before.

You can, if you wish, accept this play merely as the light and rather sad little phantasy it appears to be on the surface. You can enjoy its quiet satire of both past and present and its innocent humors, as when Peter astounds his ancestors with epigrams from Oscar Wilde and with his forecasts of events still to happen. But in the final tragic note, in the pitiful mental anguish of Peter, as so sensitively and beautifully indicated by Leslie Howard, you are more apt, I think, to feel the touch of that unhappy nostalgia which, if unchecked, can take so fatal a course in lives about us.

How accurately, for example, we might describe this play as the meeting of two souls, without regard for time or space, who refuse to live in the real world about them. One seeks an ideal future, the other yearns for a vanished past, and in their unreal worlds they meet, only to find the anguished tragedy which we call the frustration of a dream. This is indeed a slow sickness of the soul which we encounter every day in its milder forms. There is the plodding clerk who, in his daydreams, is a master of finance. At first his dreams give him comfort, but soon they make the dull reality seem unbearable. A conflict arises between the wish and the truth. The dream is so satisfying and the reality so hard to bear. He ends by losing his job. No longer efficient. Impractical. These minor tragedies are the hidden terrors of mankind.

But in the story of Peter Standish, we have the hint of a tragedy of major proportions—of the whole life of a soul tied to a dead past, hopelessly in love with memories not even his own, the cruelty of the dream cutting into the lives of those about him. It does not matter whether this was the author's intention or not. The phantasy as written is one of sickness, of mental and spiritual regression—told with loving grace, acted with inimitable tenderness, and ending in that heart-rending despair which all men find who seek escape in the maze of an enthralling dream. (At the Lyceum Theatre.)

The Shepherd

Along the high, far-distant reaches, swinging beneath the lifting blue,
He holds His moon-lantern of silver to light the straying clouds down deep
Illimitably spreading meadows of star-flowers that they wander through . . .
But dark earth does not move her eyelids; no vision stirs her dreamless sleep.

JESSIE LEMONT.

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BOOKS

The Byron Tangle

The Life and Letters of Anne Isabella, Lady Noel Byron, by Ethel Colburn Mayne. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $5.00.

IT IS only rarely, if at all, that one comes upon any evidence of a clarified and direct impulse finding clear expression in the muddy opacity of Byron's life. His motives were obscure, perverse, hopelessly tangled; the events they precipitated, grotesque, disproportioned. In his life and in the lives of those nearest to him, there is confusion only. What clarification is to be achieved is to be achieved falsely, by examining singly the lives of Byron, of Lady Byron, of Byron's half-sister, Augusta Leigh. By diligence and a great patience it is not impossible to discover in each of them something resembling order, but even this is immediately dissipated when one attempts to bring swiftly into their proper relation to one another the three separate orders one has achieved. It is as though one were given the task of surprising into a mutual agreement three mirrors possessed of entirely different reflections which, regarded separately, are precise and definite, but opposed, become inextricably tangled.

The events in the lives of these three have at least the outline of tragedy. The poignant misunderstandings, the frustrations, abuses, apologies; the incoherent explanations that explain nothing, the partings—these appear rather the scaffolding of a tragedy, not the haunted structure of tragedy itself (in which one comes face to face with ghosts and knows them for only one's own reflection in an unexpected glass.) No, the outline these events present is closed, in the end, around unfortunate scandals.

Why this is true, it is difficult to determine. One is willing even to accept that the romantic, the artificial nineteenth century was hardly the fit time for tragedy. Since its romanticism was a borrowed one, adhered to falsely, doubtless it is Miss Mayne's intention to indicate awareness of this possibility when she repeatedly refers to the fashions of the period, to La Belle Assemblée and the boundaries it established beyond which it was not seemly to trespass. Be that as it may, it is none the less true that the influence of the period, the restrictions of the current code of behavior (if not of an integrated morality) is strongly to be felt in the affairs of the Byrons. Events are constantly impeded or protracted beyond endurance by correctness—tactful missions of friends, discussions, the never-ending continuity of written communications—and all this seems inalienably the characteristic of the period.

But more than anything, one is impressed by the inappropriateness of the players to perform this drama. Their rôles are too great for them; the drama one of too far-reaching an implication, the stage too shadowy and vast, their understanding impotent to penetrate to and comprehend the play and make it as luminous and vast as one can conceive it, in another time, with less ignoble players: a Byron less the maniacal narcissist, a Lady Byron less or more the patient sufferer, an Augusta Leigh more conscious of damnation—or less, far, than Byron, in his infrequent, facile moments of repentance.

The key of Lady Byron's performance is set by an extraordinarily characteristic entry made in her diary after a waltzing party at which she first saw Lord Byron. She was then eighteen. It was her second London season: she was a success. "Mankind bows before me," she wrote. Byron was decidedly a success. Childe Harold had just appeared. Anne Isabella

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made no attempt to have him brought to her. She reports almost priggishly the impression he made on her, but one is more interested in her reason for remaining aloof from the company of Byron's admirers. "Inoffensiveness," she writes, seemed "the most secure conduct." And she adds: "I am not desirous of a place in his lays. Besides I cannot worship talents that are unconnected with the love of man, nor be captivated by that genius which is barren of blessings." But—"I shall not refuse acquaintance if it comes my way." At the end of that season, Byron proposed marriage, and was rejected.

The elaborate evasions of the extraordinarily voluminous correspondence this rejection precipitated are of the period. So, too, are the arrangements for the marriage. Thus far, except for asides, the play is to be a comedy—tedious and windy, but comedy nevertheless.

The asides give warning of what followed. Byron was uneasy about the direction his relations with his half-sister, Augusta Leigh, were taking, and the gossip was becoming somewhat more unctuous. Augusta, too, was uneasy. Marriage for Byron seemed the only way out. Such was the prelude.

"Great tyranny and menaces, furies, neglects and even real injuries": such was the comment of John Hobhouse, Byron's friend, later during the endless arrangements for the separation. After the marriage, when it was obvious comedy was not to be the sum of the events, there were scenes—on the jangled honeymoon, and later, at Six Mile Bottom, to which Byron conducted his bride to stop with Mrs. Leigh—scenes more in keeping with the skeleton of tragedy in "the Byron scandal": Byron raging at his wife, insisting on his relations with his half-sister; Augusta, to whom "concealment appeared a duty," making circuitous claims on Lady Byron's "inoffensiveness." And Lady Byron—the sound of rage and abuse in her ears always, and worse, "the freezing sound of heartless professions—more intolerable than his uncontrolled abhorrence."

Then, lumberingly, the end: the birth of a daughter to Augusta, the birth of Isabella's child, the separation: events indefinitely protracted by letters, interviews, consultations, interference of friends—and letters, letters. At the end, what does one retain? A letter from Byron to Tom Moore:

"I do not believe—and I must say it, in the very dregs of all this bitter business—that there ever was a better, or even a brighter, a kinder, a more amiable and agreeable being than Lady Byron. I never had, nor can have, any reproach to make her while with me. Where there is blame, it belongs to myself, and if I cannot redeem, I must bear it."

Lady Byron's lonely death, and one of her letters: "It is not necessary to think ill of his heart in general—it is sufficient that to me it was hard and impenetrable, that my own must have broken before his could have been touched. . . . As long as I live, my chief difficulty will probably be not to remember him too kindly."

That these statements have little to do with the tragic maze of three incredibly tangled lives may well be the fault of the period. In addition, one retains a feeling that the "Byron scandal" was more relevant of a society than of human destiny. Of Miss Mayne's biography, one cannot say less than that it is careful, tactful, just; that it is minutely documented, largely by letters heretofore unavailable; that it errs on the side of caution rather than exaggeration. It circumvents the problems of biography adroitly and with skill, and leaves the novel's problems to the novelist.

R. Ellsworth Larsson.

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One of the Irish Choir

Collected Poems of Eva Gore-Booth; with a biographical introduction by Esther Roper. Longmans, Green and Company. $3.40.

FOR many years my mind has been haunted ever and again by certain lines, among the stateliest in all poetry:

"She is rescued from days and hours, she is lost to the years that pass,
And the broken pride of her beauty shall lie near the roots of the grass.

In vain dost thou seek to restore her, oh queen, she was weary of war,
Let us bear her away to the peace of the lonely and dream-trodden shore.

Far away near the haunted Rosses where the sea shrinks out of the bay,
And the world is a purple shadow from the green lands to Knocknarea,

Where the sky is above and about us and the sand crumbles under our tread,
And a rain-soft wind from the hills shall soothe the tired eyelids of the dead."

—and twice as many lines more, the whole forming the Lament for Fionavar in a poetic play called The Triumph of Maeve. The author was Eva Gore-Booth, who came from that same Sligo that cradled Yeats, and grew up in the sight of Knocknarea and amid the undying legends of Maeve. It is for a different sort of poem, but equally Irish, that she is generally known—a masterpiece in miniature that has almost condemned her to be known as a one-poem poet. But here is a stout volume of 642 pages (including some ninety-seven given to a biographical note and letters) to prove that she was more than that. Of course many of the early poems have only the value of the usual run of juvenilia, and of course she wrote too much, as we all do; and in so great a body of work, the very merit of unvarying idealism becomes a bit overwhelming. But this poet who was encouraged by Yeats and A. E., who with such contemporaries as Katherine Tynan, Nora Hopper and Dora Sigerson formed the chorus to the great voices of the Irish renascence, left at her death in 1926 many poems well worth gathering and remembering.

A true poet she was; and a remarkable woman. Her mysticism was no affectation, but the mark of a high soul: it is told that as a child she sometimes walked for days with sharp stones in her shoes, entirely unaware of them; and she would ride a whole morning and have no idea where she had been. Such a nature turns naturally to the saintly exercise of devoted work for the unfortunate and oppressed, and Eva Gore-Booth, Irish landlord's daughter, was for years an indefatigable laborer among the textile workers of Lancashire—not as a philanthropist, but as organizer, teacher, counselor, editor; and a leader also in the women's fight for the franchise. Her literary work—and we are promised a couple of volumes of her collected prose writings—continued unabated, and she contributed not only to Irish periodicals but to the Yellow Book and the Savoy.

In her later years Christ and the New Testament became almost her exclusive studies, and she was enamored of the Mass. But her last years were saddened, almost as much as Dora Sigerson's, by the events following Easter Week, 1916.

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All lovers of high poetry must possess this book by one whose requiem might be these lines of her own:

"The dogwood's dead, and a mantle red
Over the corpse is flung,
Bow down, oh willow, your silver head,
Summer's silver and winter's red,
Glory and grey and green have fled,
All winds are silent, all sorrows said,
And all songs sung."

SHAEMAS O'SHEEL.

Round about Cashel

Tipperary, by James H. Cotter. New York: The Devin-Adair Company. $2.25.

"IT'S a long way to Tipperary" for the modern wild geese, of whom no Irish county has exported more to the United States and the dominions. It is for the descendants of these unhappy exiles that Father Cotter chattingly writes, with pleasant Celtic exaggeration, random thoughts as he muses over the legends, historical anecdotes and ruins of his native county, which he knows through hurried visits and fond reading. And none of his countrymen will resent a comparison between the Galtees and the Alps or the Golden Vale and even the Elysian fields. Always a rebel county, Tipperary knew spoliations by Normans, Palatinates and English; agrarian disorders; hangings and deportations; tithe wars and boycotts; crowbar brigades; the pangs of the famine; Smith O'Brien and Michael Doheney at Ballingarry; the Fenians; bold Dan Breen's assault on the constables at Knocklong. To all good Irishmen, even those born in the kingdom of Kerry, Tipperary signifies rich lands, robust men, virtuous women, brogueless speech, stout Catholicism, stirring nationalism and a romantic loyalty for lost causes. To Englishmen, Tipperary is fraught with meaning. And Tipperary men have gone around the world in the armies of France, Spain and Austria, as members of the British garrison in India, in the Boer War, in Flanders and in the United States. Father Cotter might have listed Tipperary men who made good in America, but like most Irishmen when pondering over the Green Isle, he looks backward rather than at the present and toward the future.

To the tourist of Irish blood, Tipperary has something to offer. Than the Rock of Cashel with Cormac's chapel, the ancient cathedral, the round tower, Saint Patrick's altar and its views of the Devil's Bit in the Galtees and the golden rolling plains, there is no finer relic of the past in all the British Isles. And Father Cotter tells of the "psalter of Cashel" in the Bodleian Library, of martyrs like Archbishop O'Hurley and the Dominican Barry, of Munster's king, O'Brien, meeting Henry II on the Rock, of Kickham the Fenian, who complained of the failure of Catholic seminaries to teach national history as he wrote the sad tales of Sally Cavanagh or Knocknagow, of famous sons like Father Mathew, Archbishop Croke, Richard Lalor Sheil and John Lanigan, who professed ecclesiastical history in Pavia, of Father Sheehy at Clogheen, of O'Mahony, the Fenian from Carrick, of the ruins of Roscrea and its Book of Dimma in Trinity Library, of Laurence Sterne of Clonmel, of the ancient Holy Cross foundation near Thurles, and of the glen at Aherlow.

Father Cotter as a loyal son seems to resent the possessions of the Butlers as he speaks of the rightful heirs of the land. Even seven centuries of possession have not cleared their titles in some Milesian eyes. And to some man on the dole as he

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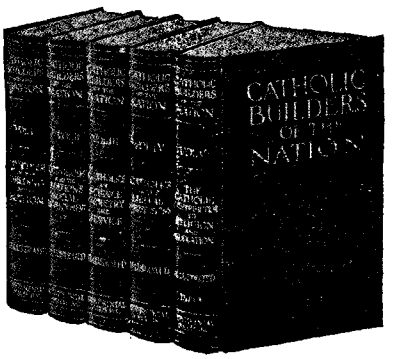

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Rubrics

Two Lectures by
Reverend T. Lawrason Riggs

The Pius X School of Liturgical Music, which is sponsoring a series of Lectures on Sacred Art that has so far been gratifyingly well attended, takes further pleasure in announcing Rubrics as the subject of the next two lectures for December 6 and December 20. The lecturer will be Reverend T. Lawrason Riggs, Chaplain of the Catholic Club, Yale University, and a member of The Commonweal Editorial Council.

In the rubrics of the Church much can be learned which will dispel the ignorance that is so current regarding the true meaning of the Middle Ages and the part they have played in the fostering of arts and letters.

Father Riggs, whose writings have attracted widespread attention and who is a scholar of note, will explain the fundamentals of the rubrics of the Church both from the standpoint of what they are and how they came into existence.

Future lectures on Architecture, by Ralph Adams Cram; Sacred Painting, by Bancel La Farge; Sacred Literature, by Rev. Cornelius Clifford; and Liturgical Music, by Mrs. Justine B. Ward; will be given.

Since the capacity of Pius X Hall, 130th Street and Convent Avenue, where the lectures will be given, is limited, early application for tickets is advisable.

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leans against a pub in Tipperary town, the descendants of Purcell of Loughmore are still interlopers. To Father Cotter, all was rosy in the olden days of the O'Carrolls, O'Meaghers, O'Kennedys, O'Corcorcans and O'Briens; and it was glorious for the clan leaders, but even all Tipperary men were not sons of kings. One cannot but regret that Father Cotter is so obviously opposed to the Free State and so partial to the Irish radical faction which gave sad evidence of vandalism rather than constructive ability.

RICHARD J. PURCELL.

Toward Darkness

Adrigoole, by Peadar O'Donnell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

THIS novel by Peadar O'Donnell need yield nothing to Brinsley MacNamara's The Valley of the Squinting Windows, or Liam O'Flaherty's Black Soul, in point of realism. It is the dark, despairing struggle of a peasant family against starvation; and the flowers on the potato plants are not permitted to obscure the bog which is sucking the life out of the thin layer of good earth—and out of those who till it. But here are a man and woman who loved one another, and so married; and brought children into the world, and so struggled for them and for one another; and occasionally straightened up their aching backs to look at the stars, and to take the spring wind in their faces. They lost the battle, in the end; this is a novel of defeat. But the reality of their love is there, as present as the bog; and the heroism of the struggle is as real as its hopelessness; and the mixed savor of life, the sweet and the bitter, will give any reader the feeling that he is in touch with the authentic article as it comes to all of us. This latter feeling, I think, one misses, both in O'Flaherty's Black Soul and in MacNamara's book. In each instance, the life is one to which we can bring no experience that will authenticate it or help us to understand it—save that part of our experience, it may be, which we know to be exceptional and abnormal. The exceptional and abnormal are legitimate material for fiction. The point is that they should not be taken as representative. And that, readers will do.

O'Donnell's book is especially welcome, at the moment, as offering a more representative and more largely human picture. Aside from all such considerations, it is welcome as a moving narrative of heroic struggle and enduring love—and the little sweet that nourishes the soul in its longest and bitterest travail.

The story is of Hughie Dalach, and his growing up to manhood after the "hiring fair"; and his marriage to Brigid, and the long struggle to support life on a farm that the bog was sapping. Land was the big fact at the base of everything, in their lives—and Hughie's land was going. Day by day life was growing harder and more starved for Hughie and Brigid—and yet, it never grew quite dark. There was something like light present where those two were together. And at last, everything went. They had nothing except one another—and even then, there was something one might envy, something like a light that was present. Then they had, no longer, one another. And there was darkness and utter defeat. But they had had a deal of life—together.

This is Mr. O'Donnell's second book. The Way It Was with Them was his first. This one is the work of a surer hand, and a more mature and profound feeling is in it. Both books are concerned with the elemental struggle for existence, where that struggle is carried on in its plainest terms.

DAVID MORTON.

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Detailed and Banal

How Like a God, by Rex Stout. New York: The Vanguard Press. $2.50.

MR. REX STOUT'S novel, How Like a God, has much in common with a painstaking report of a careful and exhaustive laboratory experiment. It is minute and detailed to the last degree; it omits nothing either salient or accessory; its form is prescribed and arbitrary; it has small appeal for any except those directly concerned with the project.

One seldom, in fact, reads a book that has less appeal. Its story of the thoughts that rush through a man's mind as he mounts the stairs to murder the most intriguing and tenacious of his mistresses is mildly interesting, although the man himself is incorrigibly flat. He ought, one feels, to be tragic, but he is not even pathetic. One wishes he were ironic, like Mr. Stout's title, but he affects the reader with no irony. Perhaps one reason lies in the fact that the helter-skelter events of his life are so artificially arranged under letters of the alphabet—A to Q—an arrangement which by its very arbitrariness destroys the impression of reality. Perhaps another is that he lives on such a dead level of monotonous sexuality. One remembers Raskolnikov in Crime and Punishment and resents so banal a murderer as Mr. Stout's hero.

And yet one is vaguely troubled not to be more moved. For the book has merits. The narrative is straightforward; the dialogue is more natural than most; the material of the story has possibilities. But surely more of drawing power is demanded of a book than the too prolonged mystery as to which mistress is to be the fortunate victim of a revolver. And that mystery, we do not need the publishers' advertisement to tell us, is the chief, if not the only motivating power of this weary and unprofitable tale of a weary and less profitable soul!

MARY ELLEN CHASE.

Spiritual Drill Manuals

An Eight Day's Retreat, by Père Longhaye, S.J.; translated by Bertram Wolferstan, S.J. $3.00; Prayer for All times, by Pierre Charles, S.J.; translated by Maud Monahan. $1.85. New York: P. J. Kenedy and Sons.

THE publishers are to be congratulated on these two translations from the French. The work is well done. The books are light, well printed and strongly bound. The way they open is a delight. Any priest, or any layman for the matter of that, may profitably add them to his library.

The first is a condensation of the Exercises of Saint Ignatius enabling the modern intellectual weakling to face what he might otherwise consider an appalling task. The Exercises provoke from time to time the fire of criticism from those who hate to believe that a man must work out his salvation with fear and trembling. They always escape unscathed because the practical wisdom of Saint Ignatius is for all time. Their eternal freshness is brought out in this modernized revision, which is, however, loyal to the substance and spirit of the original. War is always a human interest; war against oneself, with Saint Ignatius as strategist, can become the epic of Everyman. The book may be used for a private retreat, for meditations, for sermons; or it can be read as a romance.

The second book has a rather misleading title. It is not a prayer-book. It is really a book of meditations, sixty-six in all, which are arresting and provocative. Each one of them is about as long as a short sermon, and could be used as such.

EDWARD HAWKS.

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by **Willa Cather**

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WHEN the author sent the manscript of this book to the publisher two years ago she said: "I don't think you need make a large printing. The subject interests me, but it won't interest many people; no women, no love story." When the publisher was half through reading the manuscript he telephoned Miss Cather and asked: "Is there any such country as this in America, or did you invent it? It sounds to me more like Persia than America."

Just before Christmas the demand for the book became so heavy that the publisher was unable to fill the orders. By summer the English edition of *Death Comes for the Archbishop* was a staple subject of conversation at dinners and house parties. This story of two missionary priests in the Spanish Southwest is now recognized not only as a masterpiece of the story-teller's art, but as a valuable contribution to American history.

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BORZOI BOOKS

NEXT WEEK

The election in Virginia was the most important of the year since the voice of the electorate there was to decide many points of national moment, particularly whether or not the Old Dominion would return to the Democratic columns. Charles Willis Thompson, veteran political correspondent in THE AFFAIR IN VIRGINIA will analyze just what the overwhelming Pollard victory and the complete rout of the Cannon forces signify. . . . Another newspaper correspondent, Don Wharton, who has been reporting the labor troubles in North Carolina sends us a very timely paper, GASTONIA: ANOTHER HARPER'S FERRY. It is through an agency, which the communist strikers oppose—the American Federation of Labor working with the capitalist textile interests—according to Mr. Wharton, that the unionization of southern employees will be affected.

. . . HISTORICAL BACKGROUNDS by Dr. James J. Walsh deals with the visit to this country of Professor Karl Sudhoff, the founder and for many years the director of the Institute of Medical History of the University of Leipzig. . . . Professor John Dewey, whose work as a philosopher and educator needs no emphasis here, is the subject of an article, CREDIT WHERE CREDIT IS DUE, by Helen M. McCadden. Much of the praise of Professor Dewey, heard at his recent seventieth birthday celebration was, as could be expected, highly extravagant, and Miss McCadden's paper takes a more dispassionate view of Professor Dewey's status. . . . OLD MICHAEL by L. A. G. Strong has actually been in galley for two weeks; it will be published without fail and is certain to please all who are interested in vivid character sketches.

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Briefer Mention

An Appreciation of Robert Southwell, by Sister Rose Anita Morton. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press. $1.50.

THIS year, as English Catholics not only are celebrating the centenary of Catholic Emancipation but also are urging more enthusiastically than ever the cause of the English martyrs, we naturally turn with great interest to any book that promises descriptions of life in penal times and biographies of those who suffered for their faith. Additional interest is evoked by the title of the book under review, since Robert Southwell, a contemporary of Shakespeare, is a poet of no mean order, as well as one of the glories of the Society of Jesus, who bore witness with his blood to the Mass and to the truths of the Catholic faith, pure and undefiled. To those who expect to read a scholarly life, based on primary sources, or who expect to see Southwell against the background of Elizabethan manners, customs and politico-religious intrigues, the first chapter will prove a disappointment; and to those who expect an exhaustive treatise on the inspiration, the technique and the literary imitators of the poet, the second (and last) chapter will also prove a disappointment. However, for those who make no such demands, this Appreciation, appearing at so auspicious a time as the present, will no doubt prove interesting and informative.

The Miracle of Peille, by J. L. Campbell. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $2.50.

THIS book should make a considerable impression. It is the best hagiological novel to appear recently in English, and this is only partly the result of Mr. Campbell's skill as a writer. It is more the result of his honesty. He has first of all understood his subject and been in sympathy with it. He has not been sentimental and he has not been too clever for words. He has written with sincerity, dignity and charm. Little more could be asked of a novelist than is offered in the first fourteen and last two chapters of this book. For Mr. Campbell is at his best when describing the various life of the hill town, and the attitudes which its people take toward their miracle-worker, Thérèse Ursule. When tourists appear, and particularly when Thérèse is induced to leave her village temporarily, the story loses in beauty without, one feels, gaining in power. Good as it is, it may not be unfair to ask whether Mr. Campbell could not have written a better one about a Thérèse Ursule who completed her mission without leaving Peille, to whom the little village was a sufficient empire.

Schlump: The Story of a German Soldier, Told by Himself. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

ALTHOUGH the author of this story of the unknown soldier has manifestly followed the Simplicissimus pattern, with its fondness for caricature in low relief, he has written one of the most real of all books about soldiering in the recent war. The extremes of feeling are avoided. Schlump is without either enthusiasm or philosophy. He cannot even imagine that spiritual acceptance of personal sacrifice which consecrated the lives of Péguy and Reinhard Sorge. And of course the meditative attitude of Remarque—which presupposes a sensitive character—has no place at all in this book. But it will be well for the world if it realizes how rarely the spirit triumphs in arms. Schlump, a jolly good fellow with a streak of bravery, more than a dash of ability to shuffle along and a certain gross epicureanism, is as nearly the average soldier as anything we have seen in print.

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A Critical and Exegetical Commentary on the Book of Daniel, by R. H. Charles. New York: The Oxford University Press.

DR. CHARLES has written an exhaustive textual commentary on the various Greek texts of the Book of Daniel, utilizing vast research into the development of Aramaic speech during the centuries immediately preceding Christ. The conclusion is relatively anti-traditional, it being contended that the Book was written in Aramaic, about 165, B. C. Whether or not this figure can be admitted, Dr. Charles's treatise is undoubtedly the most important that has appeared to date. Divided into three parts—introduction, commentary, translation—it holds to a consistently clear perspective for which the scholar will be most grateful.

Lanes Lead to Cities, by Georgina Garry. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $2.50.

GEORGE MALLORY has red hair, an enormous frame, no mind and less character. He marries Barbara Serenity (Bara) who, having been a little girl with heelless shoes and a flowing curtain of hair like Tenniel's Alice, even as late as 1919 was still wearing countless muslin flutings and always a geranium in her hair. They are idyllic, bucolic, idiotic on a farm in the East Country. Then money flies in at the door and George begins to breakfast in bed. The parting comes through an inevitable Lucia, a plump and sprawling decadent married to a war casualty after the manner of Ernest Hemingway. The casualty finally does Lucia in, by a long-drawn-out system of murder, which releases the erring husband to his wife, so all's well that ends well.

Karl Marx, by Otto Rühle; translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. New York: The Viking Press. $5.00.

HERR RUHLE has written a moderately enthusiastic life of the formidable genius who aroused the world's proletariat to an understanding of class warfare. The chief purposes of his rather large volume are to furnish a detailed life of Marx and to supply a panorama of nineteenth-century social conditions. Naturally enough, the second cannot be supplied without some concessions to a "tendency"; but the material and the point of view are sufficiently important to merit attention from earnest students of economic history.

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